

[illegible]

"Aw shit, we're all
fucked!"
— Lloyd Heinreid from
Stephen King's *The Stand*



That's all she wrote
The Germ, Stripsearch,
and a pig called Poo
Poo call it quits after a
five year run.

University for sale?

by Juliet Williams

Alberta Tories will be selling off the University and having students pay 100 per cent of their tuition any day now if you believe the *Edmonton Journal*.

Not so, according to Bob Dawson, executive assistant to Minister of Advanced Education Jack Ady, who says this past weekend's Banff conference displayed a variety of viewpoints.

"There was a wide range of opinions....Like every report, it doesn't tell the whole picture."

The session on post-secondary education at which both Dawson and Ady were present, was part of the Tories' annual convention to discuss party policy and the future. Many suggestions on advanced education came out of what Dawson terms the "firing line."

"In fact, [the comments were] very typical of a lot of things you'd hear at the mike anywhere. There was a wide spectrum of opinions. There were no resolutions passed, no policies made."

"The minister basically pointed

people to the draft white paper, and tried to respond as best he could."

Dawson said the suggestions, though helpful, must be considered in the context of the minister's

"Selling off the Law school makes a lot of sense to the community, the University...and students, giving them a valuable professional degree."

—Law student Ezra Levant

recently released white paper on post-secondary education, which, among other things, advocated lifting the 20 per cent tuition cap.

Ezra Levant, one of the conference's delegates, and a University of Alberta Law student who

attended the session, advocates the privatization of some faculties.

"It's time we started looking at our options. Maybe there's another way to get education that has high quality, but is privately funded," said Levant Monday.

"I thought that especially with the funding crunch, we could look at privatizing the law school."

"Selling off the Law school makes a lot of sense to the community, the University...and students, giving them a valuable professional degree."

Levant said he believes the provincial Tories won't be quick to make any decisions on post-secondary education alterations.

"Obviously the Tory government is not going to jump into any decisions without a lot of public consultation. I think we should reassess how education is run in this province. The U of A has to catch up with the times."

"Basically, everything is on the table. The government is really looking at fundamental changes for once."

Ending with untruths

by Wendy Mesley and Peter Mansbridge (when they were still an item)

Students' Union president-elect Suzanne Scott has scored two victories this year.

In a stunning twist of events, Scott has managed to win not only her bid for the highest office at the SU, but has also secured a seat in the Italian Parliament. However after serious consideration and numerous threats on her life by members of the Sicilian mafia, Scott has withdrawn her name as a deputy in media mogul Silvio Berlusconi's Forza Italia party which swept to victory in elections last week.

Scott, who is in hiding until her name has been cleared, was unavailable for comment.

"Ms. Scott will return to public life after this entire mess has been cleared up," said Adam Green, Acting Chief Returning

Officer of the SU.

The confusion is the result of SU nomination papers which were accidentally filled out in Italian and sent to Rome by former CRO Martin Kennedy.

Scott Gilmore, President of the Kappa Alpha Literary Society, would not comment on Kennedy's whereabouts, but he noted that the mistake was "understandable."

Meanwhile in Rome, Berlusconi, who has had enough difficulty trying to form a working majority from a three party coalition, was irate.

"Fifty million Italian people will likely have to return to the polls because of this 'mistake.' I have lost my chance to lead the people of Italy out of the political wilderness."

However, political observers have been reluctant to blame Scott as they point out that any government of Italy only has a life expect-

ancy of ten months anyway.

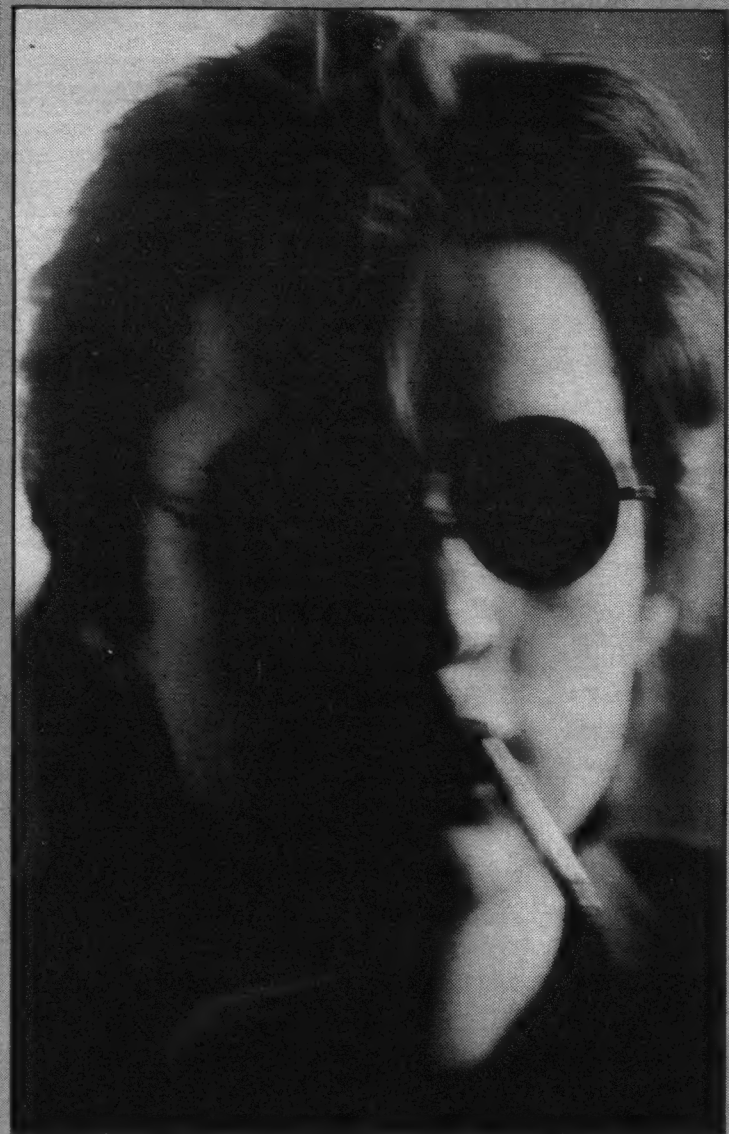
In a last ditch effort to save his frail coalition, Berlusconi has sent neo-fascist deputy Alessandro Mussolini to "convince" Scott to let her name stand as a deputy.

"We've had a porn star in the Parliament before, why not have a Canadian undergraduate student there as well," Mussolini has been quoted as saying.

If Scott were to accept her seat in the Italian Parliament there could be a political vacuum created in the SU. With most of the Kappa Alphas already on Student Council or serving in paid directorships, the student body will be hard pressed to find suitable individuals to fill the void.

Although Scott has said she plans to remain at the U of A, close friends have told the *Gateway* that Scott has been frequenting Italian restaurants and enrolling in Italian language courses.

The End



Fish Griwkowsky

He may not be Jim Morrison, but he represents the end. It's the end of the line, babies, the very end. Have a great one.



Steve won't be here

September 9, 1994
Job-Day.

The S.U. Registries continues to be an extremely popular work environment for under-graduate students on campus. Before you leave or as soon as you come back remember to drop off a resume and cover letter at the S.U. Registries. For more information about being a S.U. Registries clerk, please phone 492-4212 or come by, and ask for Sean, Kuki or Mark.

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Jack's
back
this
summer.
Will
you be?

The intersession student newspaper, the *Solstice* is starting up on May 5 and it will be good times for all. If you are interested in getting involved come to the very short staff meeting on Wednesday at noon at the Gateway office. SUB 282. If you can't make it contact Pete or Bob soon.

Business students head back to the polls

by Terra Tailleux

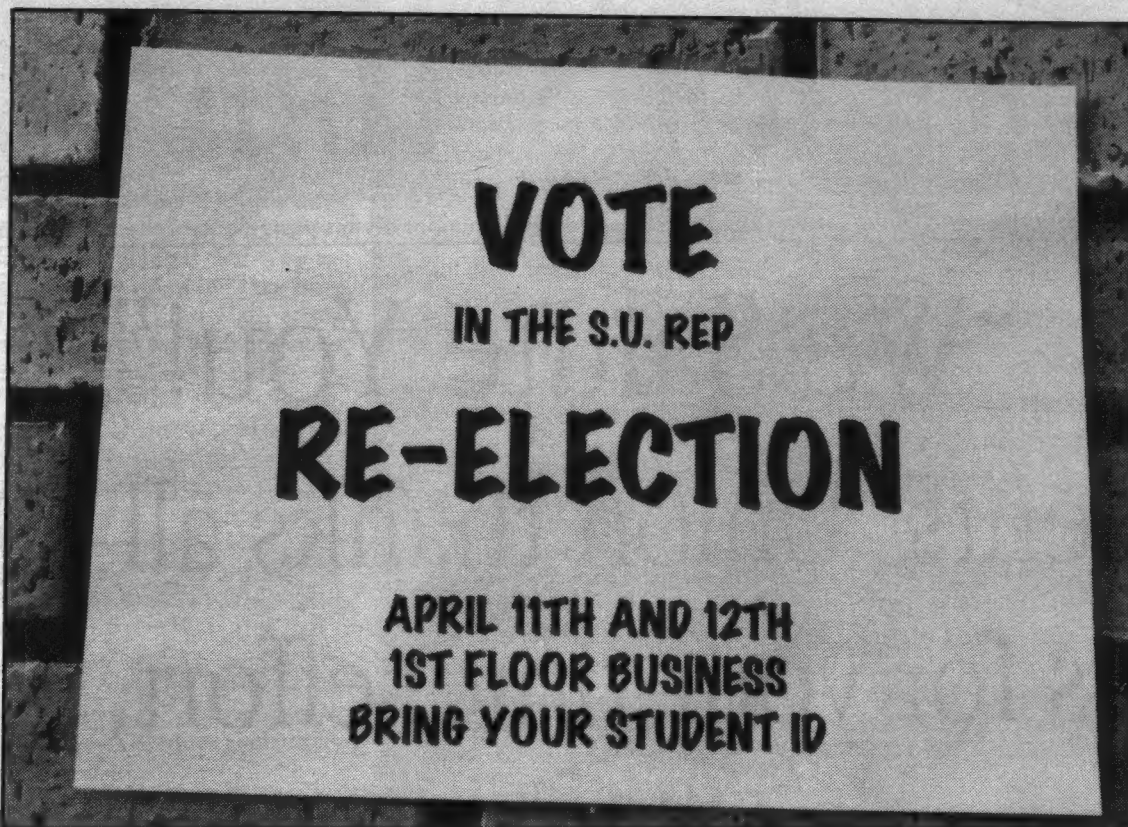
The Business Students' Association faculty elections have run into problems. An infraction by one of the candidates has resulted in a re-election for the three available positions of faculty representative on Student Council.

The Business faculty elections

"I was disappointed with the way a number of things were done because the FADRO [Faculty association deputy returning officer] had not received particular training."

—Craig Senyk, Students' Council candidate, Business faculty

were held two weeks ago during scheduled faculty elections but were annulled after one of the candidates committed an unspecified by-law infraction. Acting Chief Returning Officer Adam Green would not discuss the infraction but said it was serious enough "that



Kevin Gulayets

Business students were forced to re-cast their ballots after an election mishap.

it could change the outcome of the election."

According to Green, all parties involved, including the other candidates, agreed to the re-election instead of expulsion of the candidate.

"We sat down and chatted about it...and I suggested that the best recourse would be a re-election," explained Green. "We didn't want to prolong the process." Green believes that the likely appeal process which would otherwise be

undertaken by the candidate would have taken longer.

Despite the unanimous decision to keep the issue secret, some candidates are unhappy with the occurrences during the elections.

"I was disappointed with the

way a number of things were done because the FADRO [Faculty association deputy returning officer] had not received particular training," said candidate Craig Senyk, but he was reluctant to blame anyone in particular for the problems.

"I'm really not sure of the workings of student by-laws."

There had been some concern that the FADROs had not received adequate training and support from the office of CRO Martin Kennedy and the Business candidates were not provided with copies of election by-laws prior to the first election.

Some people believe the re-election will ultimately affect voter turnout.

"I think because of what happened...some people will not be able to bring out enough supporters the second time around," said Senyk, reflecting a belief that some campaigns may have been hurt by the decision.

But Green said voter turnout will remain close to what it has always been.

About 100 Business students voted in the first day of the re-elections, but "based on today's [Monday's] results, the apathy will still be there," Green concluded.

Overall, Green said the majority of the 14 faculty association elections "went smoothly."

SU directors told they'll have to wait on bucks

by Jay Brown

Retroactive is the new buzz word circulating in Students' Union circles.

Several directors of SU services are up in arms after they learned that they and other Student Services employees would not be receiving a retroactive wage increase this year. This follows a proposal made by vp finance Suzanne Scott to hold back on salary increases until May of 1995.

The decision frustrates Kavita Duggal, the director of Information Services. According to Duggal, her service has been asking for a salary increase for the past three years, only to be told that a salary review would eventually be conducted.

Duggal said that she was promised a salary review would be complete at least three times this year. The announcement that she wouldn't be receiving a retroactive pay increase has been the last straw.

"To have that happen again is really hard to take."

Duggal claims to be one of the lowest paid directors, earning \$840 a month. Although her job description called for her to work 20 hours a week, she says she sometimes puts in at least double that time, working up to a 40 hour week. She also said the decision by Scott and

the Salary Review Committee is affecting service.

"I'm losing staff members because information staff are getting other jobs to supplement their income." Info Services employees earn an hourly wage of \$5.65 an hour.

"I'm losing staff members because information staff are getting other jobs to supplement their income."

—Info Services director Kavita Duggal

Sean Andrew is the director of SU Registries and a former vp finance. As the director of registries, he is one of the higher paid service directors. He, like Duggal, is hoping that the decision will be reviewed. Still, he is aware that if a salary review goes through and retroactive salaries are paid, he and other employees could face a wage reduction. While he is not worried about what he calls "token" salary cuts, he believes anything deeper would be unfair to some people who took jobs on the understanding they would be earning a speci-

fied salary.

"I think I deserve the money I earn," he said, noting that any action on salary review would be a "one time cost."

Vp finance Suzanne Scott explained that in the original proposal, the salary review process would continue to take place, but that any retroactive pay would not

be considered until May 1995.

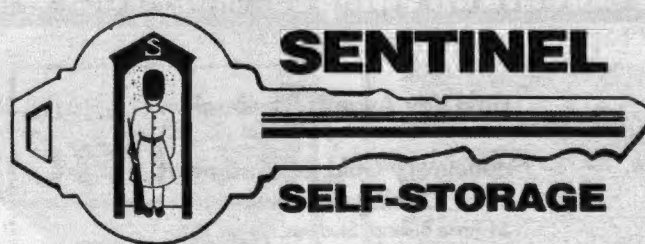
She said the decision not to go ahead with a retroactive salary plan was made because the job descriptions of the directorships were advertised beforehand with a list of the salary each position carried.

Scott said it would have been unfair to reduce certain salaries after it had been stated that that is

what the position paid. However, the advertisements for SU positions said salaries were "under review."

Still, Scott said Monday after a meeting with directors that they "had shed some new perspectives" on the matter. Scott then said she had decided to withdraw the motion from council to not go ahead with retroactive pay.

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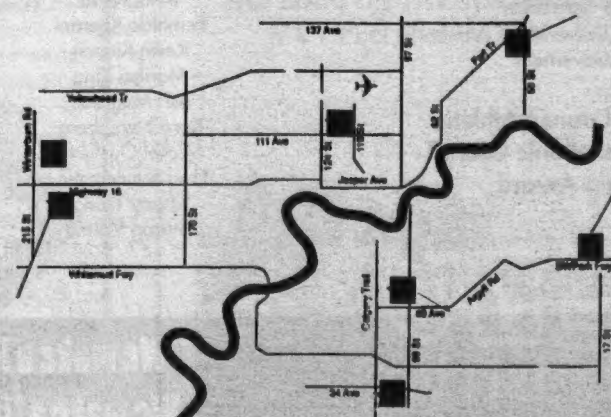
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The Students' Union thanks all 1993/1994 volunteers for your time, effort, and input. We hope you'll be back next year!

The University of Alberta Students' Union presents

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13 April 1994

Involvement and Gold Key Awards Night

This year the Students' Union will celebrate the excellence of forty-eight outstanding individuals at the University of Alberta.

These individuals have all contributed their talents and time to enhance the lives of other students on campus. Next year why not make it you?

Greetings

Terence Filewych, Students' Union, President
Dr. Paul Davenport, University of Alberta,
President

The Kappa Alpha Literary Society Chorus
The Alberta Song

Opening Remarks

Chancellor Sandy Mactaggart, University of
Alberta, Senate

Students' Union Involvement Awards Presentation

Key Note Speaker
Mrs. Mary O'Neill, University of Alberta
Board of Governors

**Interfraternity Council Athletic
Award and Panhellenic Council
Scholarship Award**

Gold Key Awards Presentation

Honourary Gold Key Recipients Closing Comments

Jo-Anne Bishop, Students' Union, Vice-
President (Academic)

1993-94 Gold Key Award Recipients

Carolyn Anderson
James Anderson
Chantelle Carley
Piali Das Gupta
Christopher Floden
Jason Frank
Kelly Goebel
Danya Handlesman
Bindi Karia
Femhida Kherani
Kevin Kimmis
Marilyn King
Lori Magistad
Kara Nerenberg
Michel Ouellette
Fred Sannemann
Tiffany Tsang
Anurag Varma

Honourary Gold Key Recipients

Dr. Paul Davenport
Chancellor Sandy Mactaggart

1993-94 Involvement Award Recipients

Hooper Monroe Academic Award

Karen Ilene Press
Michael Londry

Maimie S. Simpson Book Prize

Bonnie Commandeur
Cory Sutela

Eugene L. Brody Award

Kara Nerenberg
James Barabash

Lorne Calhoun Memorial Award

Kory McDonald
Michael Curry

Tom Lancaster Award

Jolanda Slagmolen
Joseph Ferenbok

Anne Louise Mundell Humanitarian Award

Catherine Sewell
Anurag Varma

Randy Gregg Athletic Award

Keltie Duggan
David Stewart

Hilda Wilson Volunteer Award

Danya Handlesman
Scott Reeve

Walter A. Dinwoodie Award

Sara Binder
Raheen Kherani

Tevie Miller Involvement Award

Femhida Kherani
Tony Spagnolo

Dean Mortensen Award

Rhonda Victoor
Gordon Brost

Students' Union Award for Excellence

Randy Boissonault

**"We make a living by what we get,
We make a life by what we give."**

Rating your University experience

Next year could be the end of the line for slacker profs

by Juliet Williams

If you think you've missed your professor's instructor evaluation and you've wanted a say, it may not be just your imagination.

Not all professors must have class evaluations every year, so it's possible that your prof skipped the assessment.

Currently, teaching evaluations are administered independently by

"Not every class is evaluated every year. We have a policy that all non-tenured faculty be assessed every year until they have tenure."

—David Hall, acting associate dean for Social Sciences and Interdisciplinary Studies

each faculty. It is up to the faculty and department to determine what questions are included on each evaluation, or even whether one is conducted.

Because of these inconsistent policies across the University, different classes have different regulations regarding course evaluations. Some students have had little input on instructors.

"So far, I've only had one teacher

evaluation in the five classes I'm enrolled in," said Brad Shillington, a third year Education student.

In the faculty of Arts, for example, "Not every class is evaluated every year. We have a policy that all non-tenured faculty be assessed every year until they have tenure," said David Hall, acting associate dean for Social Sciences and Interdisciplinary Studies.

Hall noted that the policy requires that a "question rating the instructor" be within the context of at least five other questions regarding the class and instructor.

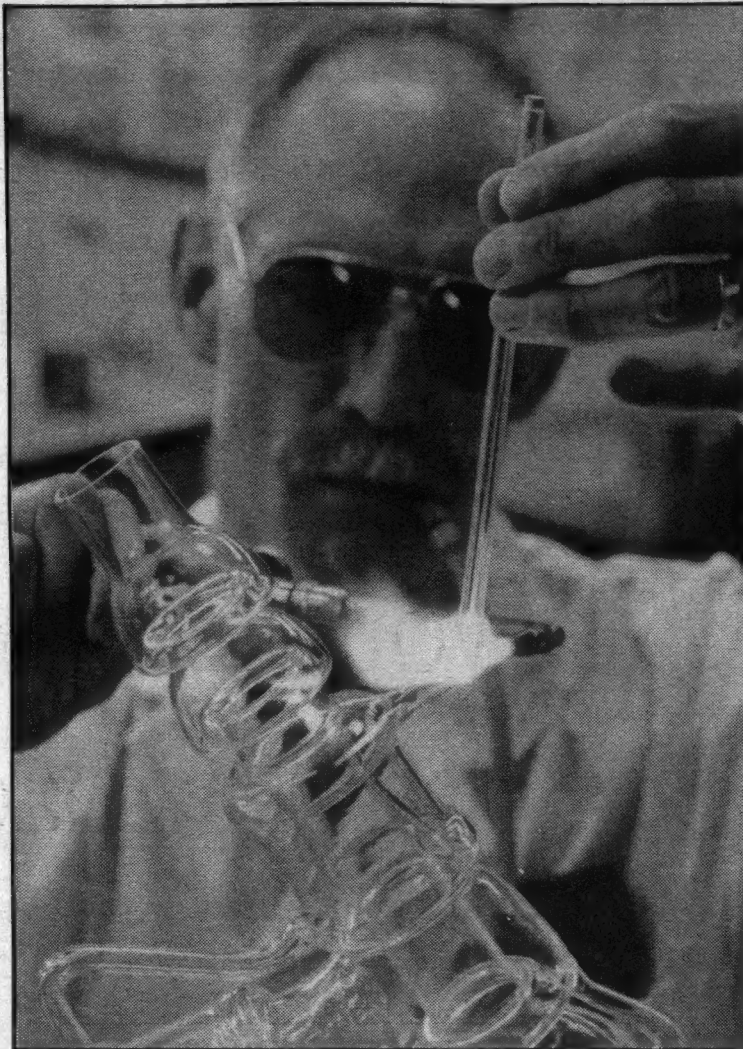
One argument against rating instructors on a yearly basis is that the answers tend to be the repetitive.

"We find that doing it every year produces basically the same results," said Hall. "Also, very small classes don't produce statistically reliable results."

However, starting next year, every department in every faculty will be required to administer a standardized teaching evaluation questionnaire at the completion of every course, regardless of tenure.

According to Jo-Anne Bishop, Students' Union vp academic, the questions will be quite general, but faculties and departments will be given the opportunity to include additional questions. She believes the new system will alleviate current systemic problems with the course evaluations.

"I don't think it's being enforced strongly enough by the deans and the department chairs. With universal course evaluations it's going to be mandatory, so they'll have no choice in the matter."



Fish Griwkowsky

Though obviously this professor's instruction would never come into question, all profs will be subject to universal teaching evaluations come September.

The results will also be made public, noted Bishop, so students can decide whether or not to enroll in a professor's class.

"I think it should be universal, because then every teacher has to get them, no matter if they have tenure or not," added Shillington.

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- KEVIN, PHOTO EDITOR



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Summer Solstice set to publish

Editors selected after SU committee delay

by Stephen Notley

Although the Gateway will be closing its doors over the summer, students need not worry about getting their fix of campus journalism. The Students' Union has finally hired the editors for the Solstice, the U of A intersession newspaper.

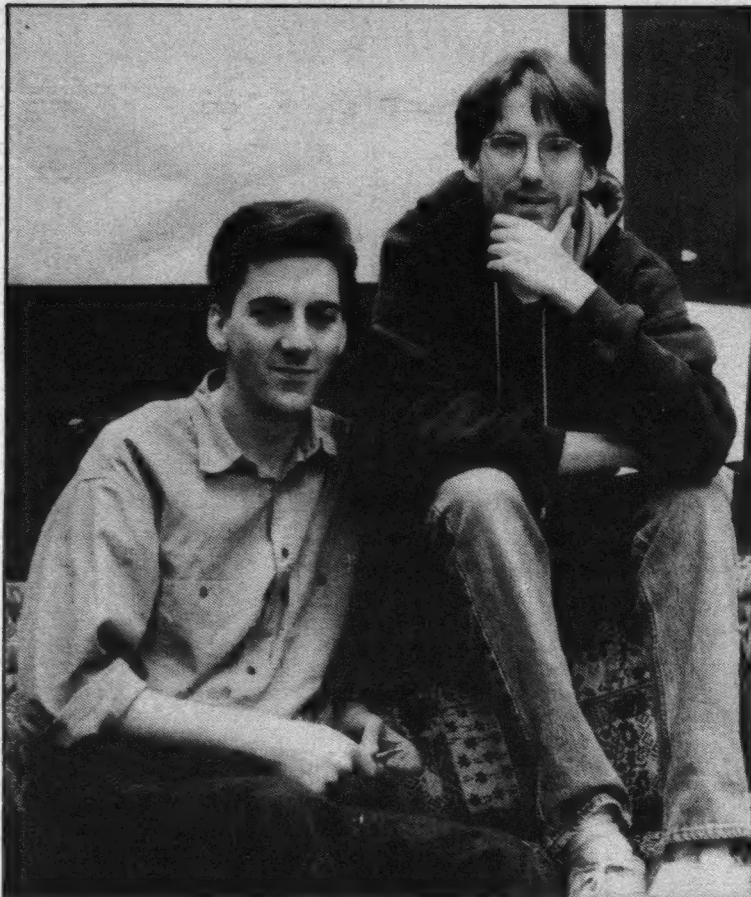
**"After the long, bureaucratic, sickening SU process finally came to a conclusion, they decided we were the greatest."
—Bob Hall, Solstice editor-elect**

After a week of delays the SU Nominating committee finally gave the two co-editor positions to Bob Hall and Peter Pachal.

They're just glad the interviews are over.

"After the long, bureaucratic, sickening SU process finally came to a conclusion, they decided we were the greatest," said Hall.

Gateway sports readers will recognize Hall as this year's Sports



Peter Pachal and Bob Hall, incoming Solstice editors.

editor, while Pachal has made many volunteer contributions to the Gateway, including the Campus Ninja cartoon.

The Solstice was founded four years ago by Rachel Sanders and Pam Hnytka to replace the failing Summertime summer newspaper. It comes out ten times during the summer and usually has a print run of around 5000 copies per issue. Traditionally the Solstice has

"Like the Gateway, it's a service for students, and summer students deserve services as well."

—SU president Terence Filewych

been run more as an entertainment magazine than as a hard newspaper in order to accommodate the smaller intersession campus population. Hall and Pachal intend to continue in that tradition.

"Our mandate is a professional image with a casual attitude," said Pachal. "I think a lot of people, first years, come to the University during the summer to check it out, so we'll appeal to them."

"It's primarily a light read, en-

tertainment and recreation. It's summer fun," added Hall.

Hall encourages interested students to come and help out, noting that the Solstice is a volunteer-run paper.

"We hope some of the people that didn't get a big part in the Gateway will come forward and help out and maybe get more," said Hall.

The Solstice costs the SU approximately \$13,000 per year, with advertising paying for \$5-7000 of that. It's the co-editors' responsibility to come up with the advertising revenue.

"One of the big things we're going to try to do is work through some of the other organizations for advertising. We'll contact the Downtown Business Association as well as the Whyte Ave. Association," said Pachal.

Despite the expense, the SU supports the Solstice.

"Like the Gateway, it's a service for students, and summer students deserve services as well," said SU president Terence Filewych.

Au
revoir

Newsies: Don't take off yet! We still have one more very special, secret, laughy issue left next Monday. Come to our office to find out about it.



University of Alberta
Edmonton

F

Feeling a little slow on the up-take?

Worried that you've let your chance to apply for Spring or Summer Terms slip out of reach?

Relax! If you're a continuing student; that is, you're registered in a Winter Session (September — April) program, you **don't** need to apply.

You **do** need to register, though.

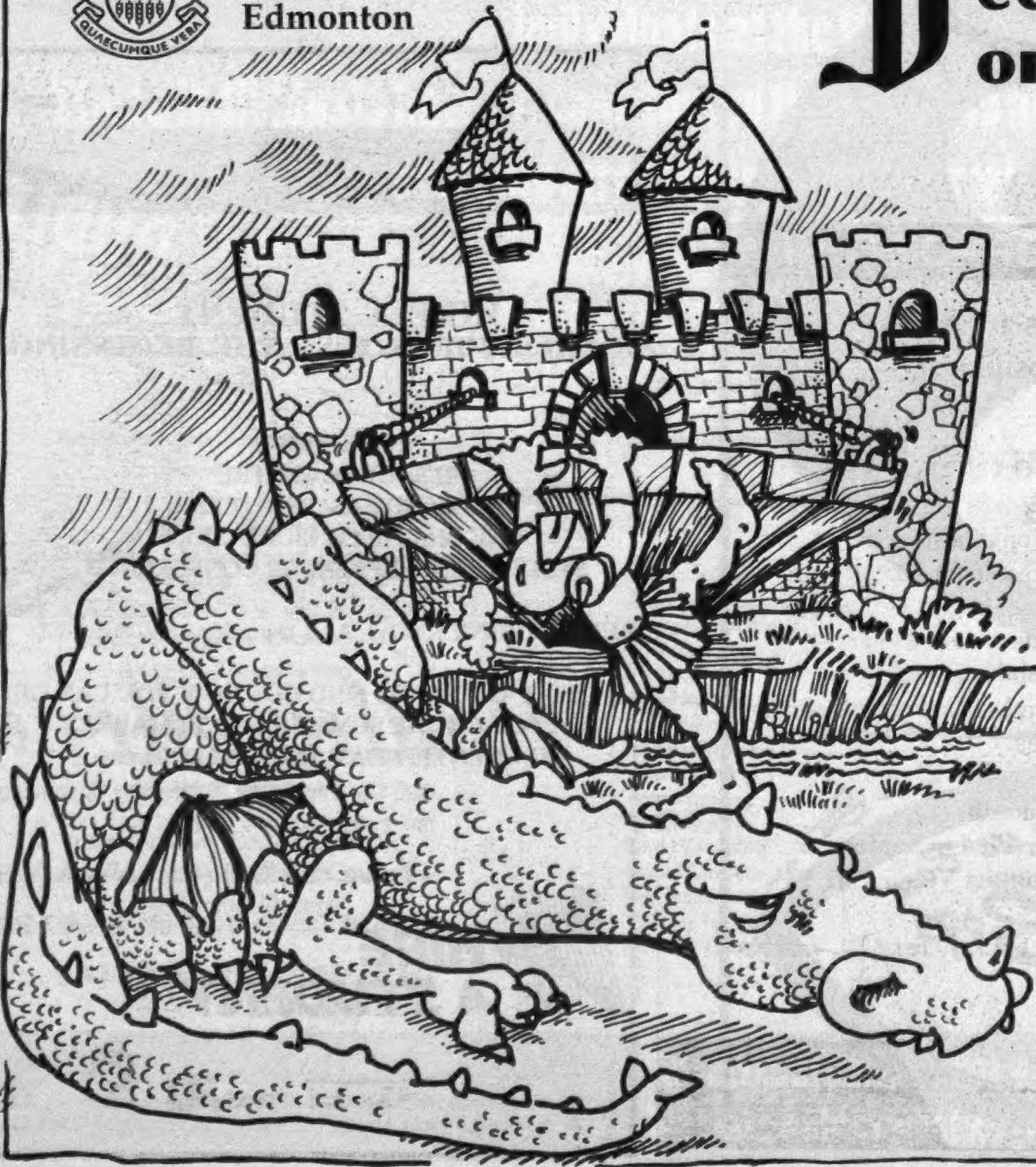
Registration deadlines are May 3 for Spring Term and July 5 for Summer Term.

So, hang on to a great opportunity. Make your plans for Spring and Summer Terms while there are still plenty of days (and knights) left!

U of A Intersession

We're here to help.

Call Special Sessions at 492-3742 or visit 4-107A Education North.



Thank you Gateway Newsies 1993-94

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Terra Tailleir and
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Olga Tcherniaia
Scott Tywonjuk
Karen Unland
Craig Urchyslyn
Gabino Vidal Travassos
Wendy Wagner

Mary Welch
Angela Woo

Attention all
Newsies!! 1.If
you're around this
summer, you can
still write! Same
place, only it's
called the *Solstice*.
2.If you'd like a
bound edition (all
of this year's
Gateways in a BIG
book), come to
the office and sign
up. If you have 15
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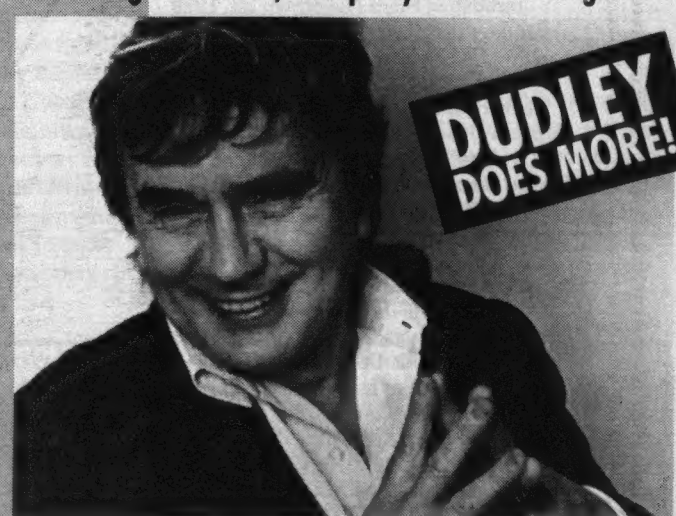
For further information contact Victor Cui, VP
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OPINION

Managing Editor Fish Griwkowsky 492-5178

FUCK SCHOOL

I saw someone in HUB a few days ago. She said she was graduating, and I asked her if she was going on to a Master's.

"Well, not here," was her retort. "Not in the Department of Comparative Literature/Film Studies/Religious Studies/Slavic Languages/et cetera et cetera et cetera..."

And I thought: *Exactly*. It completely crystallized my thoughts about this place.

There's a sense of desperation to the U of A now. Departments are collapsing into themselves like punctured balloons. Critical lectures are scheduled only on evenings, or in the summer, or every two years. Our faculties are being slashed into nothingness. This university is running on fumes.

So, the point: should you come to the U of A next year?

You certainly shouldn't come here if you want a first-rate education, that's for sure. You shouldn't come here if you want a degree with substance or integrity, either.

In fact, the only good reason to come here anymore is to live at home. That's all this university is going to be good for in a few years. It's *conveniently located*.

Of course, if you listen to the people in charge, everything's just fine, but I say this: *Don't trust them. Don't believe them.*

Quality First is a manifesto of disintegration. The Administration is pushing for higher tuitions and fewer services. The government is dragging its feet on income-contingent student loans while green-lighting tuition increase after tuition increase, all while cutting operating grants.

They're gutting the University. The honest among them tell us it's necessary. They say it's economic reality. Well, it's time to take our own economic reality into account. Are you getting what you pay for here at the U of A?

Our tuition is going up faster than that of most other universities in Canada, while our operating budget is getting slashed. In sheer economic terms, is this competitive? Can this compare to any other university in Canada? We pay two grand a year for a trade school diploma. It's just not worth it anymore.

I have loved my time here, but the place grows cold and stiff.

So. Ask yourself. Is it worth it to return to an institution that is falling apart? Is it worth it to come back to a place where the reputation is the only thing keeping it going?

Is it worth it all just to get a degree with "conveniently located" stamped on the back?

—Stephen Notley, Editor-in-Chief

The Alberta College Student of *a handy guide to those darn young people!*

TODAY and TOMORROW

Today's student, folks, is a Thinker at heart (and often at mind, as well). Not overburdened with tuition anxiety, this student has space to learn, grow, reflect, and to enrich Alberta intellectually, culturally, and economically. Yes, Humanity is more than a series of pocketbooks. (Good golly!)

Present TUITION

...Tomorrow's student, an academic Atlas, bearing the brunt of major tuition hikes and program changes driven by fiscal 'reality'. He's Ralph's man, honed to work - place perfection by too many part time jobs + 1/2 brained course initiatives. Speaking of Rowlf...

JAMES QUINN

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"When in doubt, Yoda! Yoda! Yoda!"

—Brad Ledig

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LETTERS

JOIN US!

Re: Opinion piece by J. Glen Thomson of April 7th

I sympathize with your frustration and concerns regarding Student Union patronage and the Kappa Alpha Literary Society. I too believe that at times it would appear that those in our Society have an unfair advantage over others. It is unfortunate that this impression has caused you so much distress. I would suggest that perhaps one option would be for you to petition our society for membership, thus allowing you too, to benefit from our apparent campus-wide hegemony. As a member of KA you would of course have access to the highest corridors of power and influence. I look forward to hearing from you.

Scott T. Gilmore
President, Kappa Alpha
Literary Society

Reee! Reeeee!

I am a volunteer at WEM's dolphin centre, so I am aware of a radical difference in opinions between the people at WEM who actually work with the dolphins and the AETA. Those who have read Jason Chouinard's article and then

Tove Reece's letter in recent Gateways have an idea of what's going on. Confused about why the people who work with the dolphins and the AETA (who both seem to have the dolphins' best interests at heart) could have such different views. I recently attended an AETA meeting. I was then able to ask Tove Reece, a leading member of the AETA why she is in favour of releasing the dolphins, especially in the likelihood that three of the four would die. Her response was, (I quote): "one or two minutes of freedom is better than a lifetime of captivity." She wants to call herself a hero by taking the dolphins out of a "happy" pampered life at WEM and release them for a few minutes of freedom followed by a slow cruel death. Everyone is welcome to form their own opinion but I find from my experience with dolphins and university education that the ethical decision is easy to make. I asked Tove Reece about her education and when she declined to respond I read an article the AETA members were reading, and I quote, "Free Willy is both educational and informative." If Tove Reece's total education and experience on dolphin release is based on watching a Walt Disney movie a couple of times, I can understand how she has these beliefs, by living in her own idealistic little world.

William Ast
AgFor I

totally disgusted

I am totally disgusted with the Power Plant management's decision to quit hosting live music. There is already a shortage of places for local bands to play in this city and closing up another venue is not going to help.

In the March 29th issue of the *Gateway*, it was stated that "the cost of putting up the bands while in Edmonton has exceeded revenue." There is no reason given for closing the venue for local, Edmonton area talent who do not need a hotel room or be "put up." I also know of numerous bands that would be happy to play for the cover charges collected at the door (after all, that's what cover charges were invented for). I'm sure people will be happy to pay a cover charge for some live entertainment.

You can already count most of the live venues for Rock and Pop music in Edmonton on 2 hands. Don't cut off another finger.

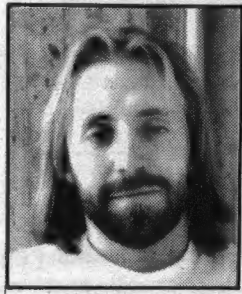
Russ Kimmitt

Listen!

I am writing in response to the letter from Tove Reece entitled "Die, Chouinard!" that appeared in the *Gateway* April 7, 1994. You have

Turn to page 12. Or I'll beat the shit out of your bees.

N E V E R M I N D



Rodney Gitzel

...NOTHING BUT SADNESS

Kurt Cobain blew his head off last week.

I was in my car when I first heard it. "Fuck." What a waste. I wanted to do a hundred down the city streets and scream and kick and rage. I was furious at him.

I went to the University looking for my friends, my peers, the only people who would understand the significance of what had happened. Only to be disappointed.

"Did you hear?"

I would gasp. The response? "Yeah, he's dead." "Figured it would happen." "I'm surprised it took this long." Oh man.

At this point, yes, I still felt a bit like digging Cobain up and slapping him around a bit: you fool! You've got so much more in you, so much left to give us, to give me. You're one of the few people out in music who matters.

But I was hearing more and more, "Cobain was just spoiled," "oh poor guy, he's got tonnes of money but that's not good enough," and other crap like that. HELLO!!! Just because he's famous and has sold a lot of records, he should be happy? Get REAL, folks! Do you all seriously believe that money and fame bring happiness? Of course not (right?), yet you expect it to have worked for him.

Kurt Cobain was massively depressed. He pretty much *had* to be: it's rare for suicide to result from anything else. If you don't know what depression is like, many others around you do: it's the most underdiagnosed disease around,

with a third of us having it at some time. This isn't the "Oh, I got an 8 instead of a 9, I'm so sad" condition; this is "I *really* don't have any reason to do anything anymore." Or worse, it's "life is becoming more painful than the alternative." Ugly, really ugly, stuff. It saddens me that Cobain—or anyone else—can end up in this way.

I have a close friend who came very close to quite rationally ending her life this winter. She's one of the strongest people I know, and to find her like this was, well, difficult. I couldn't simply pass her off as a flake, or a spoiled brat, or a weakling. Instead I had to deal with the horrific fact that an intelligent, caring, popular, and talented individual—and my friend—had come to see herself as better off dead. She would be dead, now (she used to work for the suicide hotline, so she knows all the best ways to go about it), if not

for unintentionally very well-timed interruptions from friends. My friend needed to feel "connected," as she puts it. She needed to know that someone cared for her, for just who she was; that there was someone there for her and that there were people who would suffer if she died. She got what she needed, and is still around, and is getting better. Cobain, on the other hand... didn't.

Was Kurt Cobain's need to feel connected? I can't say. No one can, now. But think about this: how many actual friends do you think

he had? How many people didn't care about his success, his money, his supposed power? How many people loved—or even liked—him for him?

Certainly, Cobain is not blameless. But he needed help. How

many of his friends knew that he was in trouble and did nothing? How about his family? (HA! All his Mom can say is (and I quote) "Now he's gone and joined the stupid club. I told him not to join that club." Gee, Mom, thanks for

your sympathy (and compassion.) Anyone? Nope. As odd as it seems, Kurt Cobain likely died feeling like he was completely alone in the world.

And that makes me feel nothing but sadness.

I N U T E R O

Don't HATE him

wrong, and the path to self-destruction was becoming perfectly clear.

Already the jokes are coming as we, the apathetic audience of Nirvana's apathetic anthems, deal with the untimely death of someone who may have become an important figure in modern music. *Nevermind*, their first major label release, shook the world of music when it fluked its way into the mainstream and proved to the world that there was a life after U2

began to surface. He was a junkie, romantically involved with another one—Courtney Love of Hole. Together they had a child, Frances Bean, and just when it seemed like their lives were taking a turn for the better, his body lies slumped in a sea of his own blood.

The media jumped all over the effect this will have on Nirvana, Hole's upcoming release (titled, ironically enough, *Live Through This*), and Cobain's place in music history. To paraphrase Mrs Cobain, he's joined a stupid club. He was a man who wanted a way out—perhaps the easy one—and it will affect no one more than the child he left behind. Imagine that, as a child, one of your parents dropped the ball. What kind of image would you have? What would it be based on? Imagine the anger and resentment you would feel. Imagine the shadow that would be cast over you for the rest of your life, living with the fact that your parent dropped away from existence while everyone around you said it was because he couldn't handle it anymore.

We have no business calling Cobain a loser for what he did, because we're not in a position to judge. His death doesn't directly affect us. Let him keep some dignity. Leave it alone and let the business of healing move on.



David Johnston

Hopefully this will be the last bit of discussion about the death of Kurt Cobain you'll ever read, but somehow I doubt it. Since the news of his tragic departure from this mortal coil hit us on Friday the media has been buzzing over the circumstances surrounding the incident. He's been compared to John Lennon, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, and other influential musicians who have also fallen under the scythe of the Grim Reaper, pushing Cobain toward the mantle of the Martyr of Generation X.

However, the media has once again forgotten the all-too-human aspect of this story. About what must have been running through Cobain's mind when the walls came crashing down on this painfully insecure and neurotic individual who suddenly found himself at the mercy of superstardom and a drug he sought to kill the pain deep in his guts.

Cobain came close to death in Italy a month ago when he fell into a coma after mixing perscription medication and champagne. Right then and there it was obvious something was going terribly



and Guns and Roses. "Smells Like Teen Spirit" hit heavy rotation on any radio station that claimed to be "hip on the sounds of today," which is a ridiculous notion considering the lyrics were garbled and the title mocks the boppers these stations appeal to. Cobain was a hero in the alternative music universe, proving that the way was clear for many other bands who had a different perspective on what direction rock music was to take.

Then the other side of this man

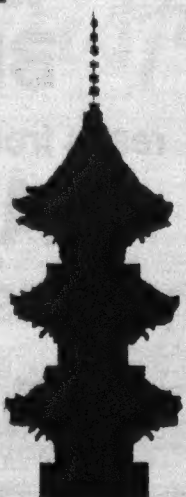
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ANTHROPOLOGY



Pam Hnytka

A Day in the Life of the Gateway

I sit alone in the room. As yet, no one else has arrived. I look around and notice that I am surrounded by several beaten-up computers each with discarded diskettes, papers and pop cans strewn around them. The walls are covered with a random assortment of photographs and illustrations layered sometimes three or four thick. An order seems to arise from the chaos as I notice that photos bearing similar themes have been clustered together; photos of athletic events share one area while simple pictures of people from the shoulders up, or snapshots of large groups of people and individuals in mid-speech are delegated to another section of the wall. The wall to the left of the door is composed mostly of cupboards with shelves cluttered with an assortment of items, each becoming indistinguishable from the other to form an intimidating mass. I will spend most of the next sixteen to eighteen hours in this room, working to produce the *Gateway*, a university students' newspaper.

The day begins with the "line counts" which are an itemized account of the advertising for the day's paper; these determine how big the paper will be. The counts are obtained from Marilyn King, the Advertising Manager. While passing over the sheets Marilyn fills me in on any important details about special requests made by advertisers. Once this is out of the way we get on to the important stuff—gossiping and goofing around. More often than not I complain and Marilyn listens. Often she takes it upon herself to play "Mother Hen" asking me if I've eaten or slept enough, how I'm doing in school, or if I'm working too hard. We've worked together for three years and our relationship has grown beyond the role outlined by our jobs. This is not an atypical occurrence at the *Gateway*

as the intense working relationship amongst the staff breeds either contempt or love.

After determining the logical number of pages based on the line counts the editors of the different sections of the paper are gathered together for the production meeting. The group crammed into the editor-in-chief's (EiC) office is a rowdy, vocal pack, each contributing to the overall character of the *Gateway* offices. Stephen, the EiC, sits cross-legged in the chair behind his desk, while the managing editor, Chris ("Fish"), finds the highest point in the room to perch



and babble loudly. Jay and Juliet, the news editors, taunt each other as they discuss each other's various failings. Bob, the sports editor, sits on the sofa clutching his list of photo requests to give to the photo editor, Kevin, who slips almost silently into the room. Dave, the entertainment editor, comes into the room late, as usual. Stephen begins the meeting with his usual declaration of his point score in some video game or a countdown to how many days until the premiere of a new science-fiction show.

I tell the editors how many pages I propose the paper should be, which inevitably turns into a small tempest of voices as a number of them argue why the paper should be smaller or larger. Today, they are arguing in favour of a smaller paper which leads Fish to habitually demand the exact opposite. A number is decided on, and I ask

each editor how many pages they would like for their section that day. Again, Fish wants more than anyone else, more than realistically possible, and the room once again explodes into a flurry as I double check their page requests to the line counts and special ad placement requirements. Often at this point I remind Fish in a loud tone of voice to shut the fuck up so I can think clearly. Today, he has decided to intermittently quote lines from *The Planet of The Apes* or yell out my name like a siren wail.

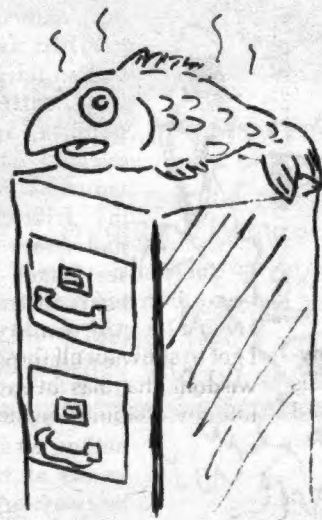
The meeting is adjourned, and each of the editors head for their particular tasks. Fish leaves the office to do "errands," which means that he will not return until six o'clock in the evening. Bob crosses the hall into his office and closes the door to work (or play darts), while Jay and Juliet continue their search for the latest news breaks. Dave returns to his desk and answer his constantly ringing phone. He also makes habitual trips to the mail room to check on the fax machine. Kevin, Stephen, and I slip out of the room toward our tasks.

I come into the production room to find Michelle, a volunteer, waiting to assist me in setting up the templates. We spend a majority of the afternoon wandering around the room, from computers to tables, clutching ads and trying to find a place to put them on the templates. I'm often found screeching "What the hell kind of dimensions are these?" or "This goddamned ad is the wrong size again!" This ritual can be likened to solving a jigsaw puzzle but by dinner time the pages are ready for the editors to begin their layout.

Bob is the first to begin, as he sits down in front of his terminal, slips a disc into the drive slot, and starts placing stories on his pages. After a short while, he is joined by Dave, who sits at a terminal beside his, and repeats the same pattern. The night moves forward with volunteers occasionally wandering in and out of the room looking for work, or bringing in stories and

photographs for the editors. A couple of hours later the two news editors enter the room and sheepishly begin to join the ritual. They are running late again but not as late as Fish who is still nowhere to be seen.

The night moves on with five editors working almost without sound, Stephen wandering in and out of the room randomly, and myself answering the editors' questions, offering occasional encouragement, or whining that I'd like to get home before the sun rises. Eventually, I move outside the room to the radiator by the window to read, to lament my missed class, or to stare blankly into the night. Fish finally saunters past me into the production room, sits down at his computer, puts on his headphones, and begins to work.



Three or four hours pass with little noise coming out of the room. Dave, Jay, Juliet, Fish and Bob sit shuffling their mice and tapping on their keyboards. Stephen has come back into the room and now begins to read pages as they come out of the printer. He eventually returns pages to the editors, each sheet covered with blue pen marks calling for corrections. The tension and monotony begins to get the better of the staff and Fish is the first to react. Complaining about the heat, he takes off his shirt flaps his arms in the air and starts to voice every thought that crosses his mind, be it relevant or irrelevant, brilliant or silly. The work continues despite Fish's outbursts. His breakdown is soon, however, followed by Jay and Juliet's which results in them arguing good-

naturedly about each other's mental faculties. Jay calls me over and explains that his back *really* hurts and it *sure* would help if I gave him a little bit of a massage. Dave has been sitting and mumbling to himself but now he explodes in a fit of rage, throwing his pen across the room and cursing the name of his most illiterate volunteer. This is when the ritualized monotony of the first few hours of production erupt into the, again ritualized, insanity of the last few hours.

This point of the evening sees everyone running back and forth across the room; in and out the door; and, sometimes, around and around in circles. Voices are pitched to be heard over the music pouring out of the CD player and the singing coming out of Fish's face. I am running from one computer to the next, and back and forth from layout board to layout board. Stephen is reading page after page and looking at pages screaming "Who's the fucking retard who lined this photo?" Dave has calmed down and is singing to the music along with Fish. Jay and Juliet are throwing their arms in the air a lot, Kevin is floating in and out of the room bearing photos for the sections, and Bob is laughing softly to himself as he finishes his last page.

A few, scant hours before sunrise we finish up the paper. Bob has long since finished his work and has gone home but Dave, Juliet, Jay, Fish, Stephen, a few straggling volunteers and myself are, just now, done for the night. It's been a night like so many before. The ceremony of producing another paper is, once again, complete. Our work habits are obviously conditioned, as though they have been repeated almost without end for a very long time. The staff are free and comfortable with one another, even though we have worked together for only eight months. It's the end of the year. We're all tired, grumpy, insane and sad. We've spent most of the day and the night wishing we were anywhere but here but now we are reluctant to leave.

We've staked out our territory, peed in all the corners as it were, and now it's being taken away from us. I feel disoriented. What now? I spent all these months wanting to escape but now I want to stay. I can't believe it's over.

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Rachel Sanders

MONEY INFINITY

It's getting so that life's just a big commercial. There's nothing left that's pure anymore because there's a price tag on everything. Our pathetic little world revolves solely around buying and selling.

I can't even watch a movie anymore without scanning the screen obsessively for product placements, terrified that I might miss one and be subliminally influenced into buying a certain cola or a particular car. No! I won't buy it. They can't make me.

Every weirdo or sick tragedy that makes it into the newspapers ends up in a cheap paperback (or three) within a week. Like Tonya-freakin'-Harding, and those creepy guys who killed their parents. Freaks for sale. Love for sale. *Everything* for sale.

Kurt Cobain has been for sale for years, which may or may not be part of the reason he killed himself last week. More to the point is that in two weeks there will be three hundred books and retrospective videos and MuchMusic specials espousing his genius and influence

on the *music scene* until you want to puke. Because everyone wants to cash in. It doesn't matter *what* they're cashing in on. Hey, everything's for sale. Death, joy,



misery, other people's perversions. Someone's going to make money from it. Doesn't matter who or what or why, they'll just sell it.

Nothing's sacred anymore, it's all for sale instead. Society's collapsing. I bet it was like this in ancient Rome: all those stone billboards and door-to-door toga salesmen.

And this consumer sickness runs so deep that even the critics are guilty. Every second page of Douglas Coupland's new book, for example, has a brand name on it. They jump out at you like stinging insects as you flip through the pages. He's trying to make a point, I guess. Words like "Kleenex" and "Coke" aren't even brand names

to us—they've become part of our reality. They're things. Objects. But by trotting out these names before our consumer-obsessed eyes, Coupland is advertising them too. And I can't get past those bugs to see the point of his stories.

And I don't even want to anymore.

I'm tired of being advertised to. Sold to. So I spend my time looking for something genuine—untainted by greed and money and pettiness. Something to believe in. I don't think there's much left.

T H O U G H T



Bob Hall

I walk the fence...

When I was a young lad growing up in Calgary, me and my pals would walk the neighbourhood fences. Just a bunch of eleven year olds balancing on fences for hours, trying not to fall off the seven-foot wooden beams. If we lost balance and went one way we could land in a yard with a vicious dog or some person's vegetable garden. If we fell the other way we would land in the jagged gravel alley. Neither side was that appealing, so you just tried to hang on and walk the fence. This is what we called fun.

Now that I'm a little older, walking fences kind of seems like stupid thrills that kids did when they were bored. But I got to thinking the other day, and believe it or not I still walk the fence on a regular basis. Only now I walk the fence in what I believe in.

I finish my degree this spring and I will have that all important B.A. in Native Studies. It is the end

of what seems like a thousand years of University, but really it hasn't been a thousand years because then I would be really old. So what have I got to show for all those hours of wisdom that has been pounded into my cranium for the last four



years?

I can still walk the fence and I'm damn proud of it.

When an issue is being debated I can truly see both sides of the argument and I usually prefer to balance the fine line so that I don't fall in the vegetable garden or on the

jagged gravel. Some may call it lack of values, some may say I'm spineless or empathetic, but I call it co-ordination. It's not that I don't believe strongly in certain ideas or values, it's just that I'm willing to see both sides. Sure it bothers me sometimes that I can't see things in black and white, but that's just the way it is.

An example of this balance is the Tories' proposals and discussions this past weekend over the state of post secondary education. On the one side, I think that paying ten grand for tuition is ridiculous and it would lead to a system where only the elite can be educated. Yet, on the

other side, there is the fact that we only pay 20 per cent of our education in the first place and it's time to think about the future and reduce the deficit.

Naturally, the issues surrounding both sides are much more complex than this, but the debate is

basically—pay more and have less access or pay less and continue to pile up unrealistic debts. I'm sure most of you have strong opinions one way or the other, but really I can see validity in both sides. And quite honestly I think that the politicians will come up with a balance that will piss off both sides.

There I go, I'm sitting on the damn fence again. And you know what? It's my four years of Univer-

sity which have strengthened my fence balancing act. I'm not sure if that's what an Arts degree is supposed to give a person, but that's what it's given me. Falling on either side of the fence doesn't seem too appealing, so I just keep hanging on for the ride.

You know, it's not much different than being eleven, but now everybody just takes things more seriously.

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B Y E B Y E , B O S S



Stephen Notley

Fractals and the Decline of Authority

There's a change on the way. We have them every so often. We had one in the first part of this century, when a gentleman named Einstein came along and told us that everything we thought we knew about the universe was wrong.

Before Einstein, everybody was comfortable with the idea that the universe and everything in it ran along smoothly, a finely crafted Swiss watch. Einstein blew that away by pointing out that all the intuitive constants aren't constant at all. Six kilometres aren't always six kilometres. Six seconds aren't always six seconds. Time and space, energy and mass—you can stretch them and squash them like silly putty.

In other words, he discovered a fact about the universe—that there are no privileged frames of reference. It's not his opinion or even his idea. It just turns out that the universe runs this way.

This thing was, this idea, this fact about the universe, once discovered, was like a giant meta-physical pinwheel, spinning off versions of itself into all areas of society, not just the labs. We got some fun toys out of it, like lasers and nuclear bombs. But more importantly, even though it took a

couple of generations for it to sink in, we took in that idea and hung everything else on it. Maybe relativity didn't start the idea. Maybe relativity was a part of a larger, invisible zeitgeist of thought, but the effect was the same.

That's why now, and for the last generation, we've been openly questioning things that have always been taken for granted. Family values, the idea that white straight men should run everything, certain ideas about art and culture—all of it is being undercut by the realization of this fact about the universe, that there are no privileged reference frames. Everything is changeable.

The idea sank in and wrought fundamental changes in society, shattering the old and bringing in the new. Years ago. Old news. So what? Simple. As I said in the beginning of this article, we've got another big idea on the way. And this time it's going to shatter our world, the world we're used to.

This time, the idea comes from math. We're already hearing about it here and there. It's chaos theory. Chaos theory in its way is even more fundamental than relativity. Relativity tells us how to look at certain concrete elements of our universe and interpret them. Chaos is telling us how to look at looking

at, period.

There's a staggeringly large number of things in this universe which are almost infinitely complex. Weather. Markets. The interiors of atoms. Human minds. We've been trying to figure out how they're organized. Now we know we can't. They aren't organized.

But we do know that they have order. Not organization—order. There's a difference. Organization is imposed from above, order arises from below, and that's the nub of the matter.

This new idea, on a par with there are no privileged reference frames is that low order simple systems can create high-order, inherently unpredictable complexities.

This one's spinning new ideas off it even faster than relativity—it's more like a mutating virus than a pinwheel. We're going to get toys here, too—lots of fun data compression to make our computers way faster and things like that. But

again, like relativity, when this idea really sinks in, it's going to change everything.

Because now we know that organization does not cause order. Just because a process is totally disorganized doesn't mean that it doesn't have order. It just doesn't have the kind of order top-down organizers want it to have. It generates its own kind of order naturally, through simple point-to-point interactions. All other kinds of order simply emerge from the operation of the system.

As an example, I submit to you the Internet. It's a huge network of computers across the globe. There are a few low-level rules that govern its operation, a few basic protocols that allow the system to work. Everything else is open. There is no overriding authority. Nobody makes Internet decisions or lays down the Internet law. There are rules of etiquette and what you should and shouldn't do, and sanc-

tions for those who violate those rules. But, and this is important, nobody imposed any of it. All the rules of interaction arose spontaneously—emergent order. As other people have observed, it is the first fully functional anarchistic system in modern history.

The point of it is, the Internet is only the beginning. We know this now. It's going to take a while to sink in, maybe a generation or more, but what we know as authority is going to cease to exist. It's just going to fade away. People who wish to exert control and affect things are going to realize that the only way to affect things is to exert pressure on the low levels, and on simple interactions. We have the mental tools to do this now. Top-down policies, top-down rules, top-down organizations—they've been illusions. Whether we like it or not, we're moving into a world with no leaders.

Welcome to the 21st century.

MORE LETTERS!

...read on! Rock on!

written a lot of complete falsehoods about me, Mrs. Reece, and I therefore would like to present the factual events as they happened and let each student on this campus decide for themselves as to who is at fault here.

I did initiate a dialogue with the AETA requesting information on their organization's activities. This was not done to find something "incriminating," as Mrs. Reece would have you believe, but instead to further understand their point of view so that I would be better prepared for an open debate with them. I also freely admit to using an alias during this communication with the AETA. My reasons for this are simple. I felt that since I was dealing with a bunch of fanatical extremists, it was wise not to give them any personal information. Remember, this is the same organization that held a candlelight vigil at the Ghermezian's own home. For my own personal safety, I really did

not want them to show up with a little dolphin coffin on my front doorstep!

The packages that were sent to me (this happened *not once but twice*) were both in University of Alberta envelopes from the Department of Genetics. Coincidentally, Tove Reece is a technician in that department. I then, as a student, followed academic procedure and made a complaint with the Chairman of Genetics and the Associate Dean of Science. Think about it people, this woman has personally used university property, *paid for by us, the students*, to further her own radical organization and try to give it some form of credibility by connecting it with the university. In her defense, Mrs. Reece has stated her reasons for why she used the university's name and property. However, on three separate occasions to three completely different people, she gave three different reasons which all contradict each other. She has used the fact that I am also a dolphin trainer to try and make me look biased and

discredit me as a legitimate student with a concern about where my tuition money is going. She has tried to make you, the students, believe that this has all been some gigantic conspiracy against the AETA. Perhaps she hopes she can gain sympathy (and financial support) within the student body for her pitiful organization.

I urge every student who reads this to voice their concern with the Faculty of Science. Don't let this woman go unpunished for abusing and misusing your tuition which should be going towards furthering your education instead of funding a private group of right-wing propagandists.

Jeff Weiss
Science III

Oh, Canada.

In some societies, moral and philosophical freedoms are mere catchwords, contradicted by roving bands of death squads who drive around in minivans with shaded windows picking up and quietly disposing of 'instigators' and 'collaborators'. These societies are morally weak and their development retarded by an over-expanded power structure. Here in progressive Canada, where we benefit economically from such drugs as alcohol, tobacco, prozac, and valium, an emerging debate over the legalization of marijuana has exposed, in my opinion, a dangerously conservative and much too powerful power structure. It is one opposed to peaceful protest designed to raise public awareness and to create debate. Instead of squarely facing the issue on March 27, the Edmonton Police carried

INVOLVEMENT OPPORTUNITY

The Students' Union has re-opened applications for positions on:

DISCIPLINE, INTERPRETATION & ENFORCEMENT (D.I.E.) BOARD

- requires 10 students-at-large (5 regular and 5 alternate) members who must be in their second or further year of studies.
- requires 2 student-at-large chairpeople (1 regular and 1 alternate)

The D.I.E. Board:

- acts as administrative tribunal for Students' Union constitution and bylaws
- has "court-like" powers
- investigates and tries alleged breaches of discipline
- interprets Students' Union Constitution and Bylaws

For further information contact Terence Filewych, 259 SUB.
Term of Office: 1 June 1994 to 30 May 1995.

Interview times to be announced.

Deadline for applications: Friday, April 15, 4:00 pm.

Applications are available from Room 259 SUB.
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Apr. 14
FORGOTTEN
REBELS

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the Real
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Go to page 13.

LETTERS DONE.

From page 12, babyface.

through with a cowardly arrest of David Malmo-Levine and videotaped the pro-marijuana rally for more cowardly arrests in the future (refer to *Edm. Journal*, April 4th). The Edmonton Police have acted with moral cowardice by not having the courage to face the protest and to make the arrests in front of our society's 'eyes', thus allowing all of us to begin the debate. Perhaps the Edmonton Police are unsure or nervous as to how our society would respond? Does that mean that a debate on the issue could be useful? Regardless, by carrying out the sneaky, secretive, and behind the scene arrests, the Edmonton Police have in my 'eyes' exposed some of our society's own dangerous weaknesses.

Michael Buhler
Arts

S.E.S.A. Innocent!

A recent letter in the Gateway implicated the Special Education Students' Association (S.E.S.A.) in a scheme to discredit the Albertans for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (A.E.T.A.) organization. Espionage is not our business. I think there has been a misunderstanding.

Members of SESA are entitled to free use of the office phone. One of our members allowed a friend use of this phone to make a phone call to Tove Reece of AETA. This is equivalent to calling your significant other from your best friend's house and leaving the number because you'll be there for a while. This is not partaking in a conspiracy, it is simply allowing someone to use the phone.

The issue of animal rights is of no interest to our association. Further, we have no interest in supporting either the West Edmonton Mall Dolphin Center or the AETA. SESA is mandated to provide professional development for Special Education Teachers as well as educators in general. We believe in supporting each other and providing equality of opportunity for our students. Also, we happen to be a great group of people.

An innocent association between one of our members and a friend has been blown out of proportion and brought our association into a conflict that is of no concern to us. We do not know who killed Kennedy or if Hitler is still alive in Brazil. Kindly leave us out of your dispute.

Andrew Connelly
Incoming President
Special Education Students'
Association

Malmo-Levine Ignorant

Re: David Malmo-Levine, "Anarchy in Practice: the main ingredient," March 31, 1994.

I take exception to David Malmo-Levine's suggestion that democracy and anarchy go hand-in-hand. David quite rightly defines 'anarchy' as the absence of a ruler, but he seems ignorant of the fundamental principle of democracy—expressed in the time-worn phrase

"the majority rules."

In a democratic society, the majority rules not because it is right, nor because the minority recognizes its decisions as wise; the majority rules because it is the strongest. This strength is ratified and invested with authority strictly as a function of the democratic ideal, and an anarchist, being anti-authoritarian in principle, cannot in good conscience accept such an ideal.

According to anarchist analysis, the agreement of A and B that C (as a member of the community) must relinquish some aspect of his own liberty can in no way authorize the removal of such liberty from C. At best, C, fearing sanction, accepts the demands of A and B, thereby denying his own desires and, hence, his ability to freely express his own unique intellect. Granted, C is free to leave the community, but the choice of an anarchist to leave an oppressive community is no choice at all.

An acceptance by all of any form of democratic organization—is no matter how progressive—is the death of radicalism, and just as compromise is the essence of democracy, so radicalism is the essence of social revolution.

Incidentally, I also take exception to the Chomsky citation heading David's article. Chomsky's characterization of the majority of people as "stupid" is both insulting and arrogant. While many men and women may be ignorant, fearful, lacking in self-confidence, and driven to extremes of self-interest by a classist and racist society, they are most certainly not stupid. And therein lies the hope of every social anarchist.

Jeff Kochan
Independent Studies

BAD BOY!

While reading the article by Christopher Spenser ("I am woman, hear me purr!!") in the March 24 issue of the *Gateway*, I could not help noticing that, in his picture, Mr. Spenser not only had neatly styled and combed hair, but was clean shaven as well. In fact, I must admit that I suspect that he combs his hair, and probably shaves, every day! I imagine the habit costs him a good deal in razors, hair products and hairdressers' fees—all for the sake of avoiding his natural appearance. If he feels that he must scrape a sharp object over his flesh before con-

fronting the new day, while criticizing women for wearing makeup—"Heck, this isn't the sort of stuff that generates respect, don't you know!"

To be honest, I do not understand how the features that one happens to be born with reflect the "content" of a person more than the things which that person chooses to wear or not to wear do. It seems to me that makeup is unfairly targeted as an indication of vanity. I used to occasionally put my hair up into a mohawk (with non-aerosol spray, before people lynch me), which was much more expensive, and took much more time than putting on makeup, and yet no one told me that I was "demeaning" myself. But I did that for the exact same reasons that I wear makeup, or pick out my own clothes, or comb my hair, or do anything else to shape my appearance. What's the difference?

Jennifer Yust Tweedale
Arts II

Our Leader...

I would like to clarify my comments in the article "Tuition Cap Lifted."

The current tuition policy limits revenue from tuition to 20% of an institution's net operating expenditures. The proposed change is that the 'cap' be raised from the current 20% to 33%. This, however, is only half of the picture. The current policy also limits tuition increases to \$200/year plus inflation. The proposal is that government not regulate annual tuition increases, as long as the total amount of tuition remains below the cap. Without the current policy that controls annual increases, we could see fees go up rapidly. This means that the Board of Governors could raise tuition to \$5000 next year! Hence my comment in context: "If students are going to face tuition increases, we ask that they be moderate and predictable." We will continue to advocate against this change, but if it becomes provincial policy, then our response will be to table and pass a policy at the Board of Governors that will restrict the amount that tuition may be raised in a given year.

The Students' Union will also start a broader policy debate on exactly how these percentages are calculated. For example: Should a student's percentage contribution to their cost of education be calculated on an institutional or faculty/program basis? If you consider the latter case, you will see that the average student in the Faculty of

Arts is now paying over 55% of the cost of his or her education! (Source: Faculty per-student cost breakdown in *Quality First*) And yes, that's right, if this is how the calculations are done, tuition in the Faculty of Arts would have to be lowered to meet Government policy! So, in short, the calculation of these percentages is a policy debate that we should discuss quite broadly. If this interests you or if you have any comments or suggestions, please give me a call, or drop by!

Terence Filewych
President

Um, okay.

I am writing this letter to protest the very conspicuous absence of Asians from popular comic strips. The Peanuts, for example, includes members from many, many minority groups including: Blacks (Franklin), lesbians (Peppermint Patty), the homeless (Pigpen), and even chemotherapy patients (Charlie Brown). No Asians, not even in guest appearances have ever graced Charlie Brown. Now, I'm not too upset about this, but this is certainly a problem that must be addressed. I'm not advocating picketing Charles Schultz with placards of "Sieg Heil, Charles Schultz," but it's time to shine a light on this dark conspiracy.

A second level to this sick problem is that even in the few times Asians are represented, we are drawn with no-g-damned eyes! We get only slants, where we should have fully developed eyeballs. Also, we always have two g-damned teeth which are way too big for our mouths. No fair, cartoonists of the world.

This problem is prevalent even here on campus, where the strip "Campus Ninja" (Ninja! Asian!) has no Asians! What's up with that? I am trying to form an action-committee to correct this discrimination in the world of comics, called Comics Hafta Include Nahmers and Kongers. All I need is more members and a cool acronym.

RSVP
Chris Woo

So ends the grand legacy of the '93-'94 letters section. I hope that you all enjoyed listening to the various rants and ravings of our campus population.

BECAUSE I FUCKING HATED IT YOU BUNCH OF WHINING BABIES! GOD! GET A HOBBY OR SOMETHING! I SWEAR I'LL KILL YOU BAS—

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OUR VAN TECHNICIAN



Brad Ledig

Hi, I'm back.

Once a long time ago my friend Fish asked me to write three hundred words to help fill a space. That was no problem, but now my task is to create one thousand of these same units of communication. One thousand! Be afraid, be very a... here goes nothing!

The first thing on my mind tonight is the idea of personal image, or more specifically, clothes. Clothes and I were not meant to be together, but society and my big hairy ass dictate that I must cover myself in some fashion. It's not that I hate clothes, it's just that I haven't skill in co-ordinating them, and I can't justify paying more money on a shirt than I would normally spend on an oil change for my piece of shit car. This should give you some idea of my wardrobe. Most of the "nice" clothes in my closet were gifts for birthdays, Christmas, etc. I tend to wear them until they shred, and then I use them to wax the aforementioned vehicle.

A common scene at one of my gift openings involves someone asking me if I like their choice of color, style etc, at which point I exclaim: "Aaaaaaaah! Big bees are on my eyes! I must run away and rid myself of them!"

You'd be amazed how often that excuse works; I've never had to give my opinion on a clothing gift yet. The bottom line is that I'll wear anything once, because I just don't care. Do you remember that Polo craze in high school? I never fell for it. I used to make fun of everyone who did fall for it, basically because I was just too cheap to pay fifty bucks for a T-shirt with a horse on it.

I spent a lot of time alone in High School.

Fate has never meant me to be fashionable, so I've never bothered to even try. Let me make up another ridiculous example to prove my point... Once, I had to go to Court, eh?, to like get my sentence reduced, and later I had a job interview, and after that a date with my supermodel-wet dream-lust goddess-lady. Well, wouldn't you know it, I was waiting at a bus stop in front of a big mud puddle and an old lady driving some kind of duece coup from Pasadena came screaming by. I got really dirty as a result, eh? So then I got on the bus and I snagged my pants on a jagged piece of seat spring wire or something like that. Next, a drunk puked all over my back, and a crazy old guy did the ol' number two on my head, if you know what I mean. Then I wet myself, but that was the least of my worries... This cat got on the bus somehow, and he started rubbing his butt all over my shoes. The dog that chased him onto the bus then started getting crazy on my leg, eh?, and then he had a little canine orgasm all over my knees. Actually, if it wasn't for all the other crap, I wouldn't have minded that part, but I was starting to get a little angry by this point.

I sure have a wicked temper, eh? Like I thought I was gonna go freakin' ballistic, man (oops, sorry

that line was supposed to be in Vince n' Steve). After the punks from Queen E lit me on fire, and stuck firecrackers in my nostrils, I decided to speak up. "Hey!" I said, (with some kind of mighty authority, let me assure you of that, mister!) "Don't. Please. Thank you, then." They were pretty scared of my so they all started putting out the fire on my face with their urine. Thanks, guys. I guess I still owe them for that favour, eh? Well then



I got tired of this story...

Now I would like to tell an actual story that proves I was born to be naked. I've been losing some pretty fierce weight lately since I moved out of my parent's basement (go ahead, take the step before you go bald, you fuckin' losers!), since I rarely have time to cook anything more complex than Mr. Noodles (well, actually the no-name version), nor can I afford to do so. With this significant weight loss in mind, I was forced to buy a belt for my now too-large Levis (notice, these can be purchased at Bi-Way

and Zellers now). So, belts are designed to keep our pants up, eh? Well why the hell do they hurt so damn much? The one hole is too loose to be of any help, and the next hole is so damn tight it leaves big red marks on my hip by the end of the day. I'm talking about belts, here pal, not you Grandma, although the same descriptions apply. So, if I don't wear a tight belt and suffer, my pants end up somewhere around my knees (hairier than my ass, but not as hairy as my lower back).

I'm sure none of you would mind these knees of a semi-hairy nature, but as I've already said, my ass is just a little too hairy to show around. I don't know whether it applies in this case or not, but our parents are commonly cited as the greatest influence on us. If this is so, then I guess I'd have to mention my Dad's gigantic underwear as a major factor in my lack of interest in fashion.

You see, Fish and I were in the basement of my folks' house (I don't live there anymore, think about doing the same any day now, you scabby worthless bastards!), and he wandered into the laundry room where he discovered my family's most dangerous secret! My evil twin brother, chained to the wall, fed gruel and maggots for the last twenty-four years, hidden from a society that just didn't understand. No, not him, but the undies. They were the real secret of that basement, although that brother thing is a close second. Well, Fish screamed when he saw these colossal underpants, and he's never been the same since.

From that day forward, I swore to never care about my appearance, although I'm not really sure how they're related. If you see me around (I'm the paperboy, by the way, the caucasian one), please understand that the only real theory I have about my appearance is that I must strive to either look like I'm in the middle of getting drunk, or in the process of recovering from

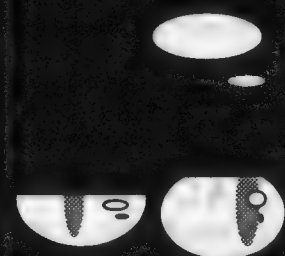
having done so the night before.

That's it, I guess.

That's 1114 words, and I've spent it so easily. Have I entertained you? If not, please read Vince 'n Steve in the comics section. If that doesn't entertain you ('cuz I wrote that too), then screw you! Kiss my ass, if you can find some flesh under all that hair. If you did, by some strange cosmic chance in hell, actually enjoy any part of my work in this issue, please tell me so by leaving empty coke cans in the Gateway boxes that I fill up twice a week for you. Thursday's your last chance, so don't forget!

If none of this interests you, my ass and your lips may join soon!

I REMEMBER SPACE...



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ENGLISH

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PHIL 160 Contemporary Moral Issues

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POLS 101 Introduction to Politics & Government

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PSYC 105 Individual and Social Behavior
PSYC 223 Developmental Psychology
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...FOR I WAS
THE LAST OF
THE SPACE
CATS.

This page has *real* ugly...

Ok. This is a big thank you page, so quit readin' it if you don't care.

Thanks to the following people who made Managing a good time this year:

- Peter K. Pachal. Thanks, brother. You really came through as one of my pillars. My shakey Temple thanks you. Your skills with the PMT machine will not be forgotten. Sorry things didn't work out like you planned, but everything always works out.

- SFHayes. The mad typer. Without you, I would have hard, weathered fingers. Actually I do anyway. You one crazy Space Cat, baby. Thanks for the effort.

- Olga Tchernaiia. You did a lot of good, my Russian kin. I'm grateful for doing the layout you did. Just remember who let you do it, ok? Thanks, man.

- Tami Friesen. Glad you made it on board, Tami. I think you'll have a lot of fun next year and that's the best part of this lame job. Just don't turn into the girl in the Aerosmith video, kay?

- Rachel Sanders. Your behind the scenes work as my friend was as important to me as any other's. I can still kick your ass, though. Eep.

- Stephen Notley and the rest of the crew. Steve, you're my friend. So shut up already.

Who's the fuckin retard...? Pam and Dave, thanks for giving me something to gossip about. Heather, sorry things didn't fly. Still love you. Kevin, you're insane in the loveable way that too many volunteers aren't. Jay Brown, thank you for being a real man and letting us make fun of you every day. Bob, you are like my father in two ways—you write sports and you had sex with m—no. Juliebaby, let's just do it already. Go out for lunch, that is. XOXOXO. Marilyn, as always thanks for the silent duty. And, of course, my old friends... um... Charlie Wong and (what is it?) Brian Lettuce. Leduc. Something. Oh. I tired.

- Thank you to all the writers, typers, illustrators, cartoonists, layout cats and other such people, far too numerous to mention. Plus I forgot your names.

Chow.

—fish

TINY OPINION



Kevin
Gulayets

Enough has been said about Kurt, death, monkeys, and whatever else. In case you've missed all the signs pointing to the Gateway staff's impending personnel shift, let it be said: this is our last issue of The Gateway. ("our" as in the current line editors's last publication)

I think what it all comes down to is the pain of separation or leaving the routine that has taken hold of our lives.

Scene 2: It all began with a shudder, a tremble. The stirrings that took place before this year prepared the staff for the opportunity to take on the challenges placed before them. September came. Everyone learned their position and each other's as it unfolded before them.

Photoman

As the routine took shape, it was already solidified and the year was half way over. Then the second half came around and, now, has ended before any thought of its beginnings could settle.

In full celestial jazz swing, Sun Ra and his ARkestra sung it as "...And you haven't even met the

captain of the space ship yet..." We've been traveling this course and the destination has arrived. The means with its nebulous goal has become the end. What the hell any of this means will have to be resolved over the summer... remember, it's spring—a time for new beginnings.

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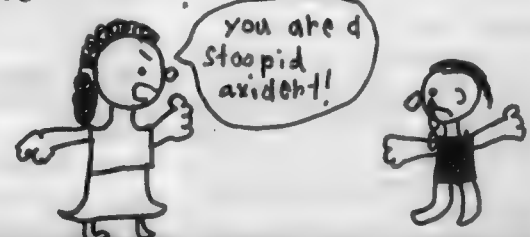
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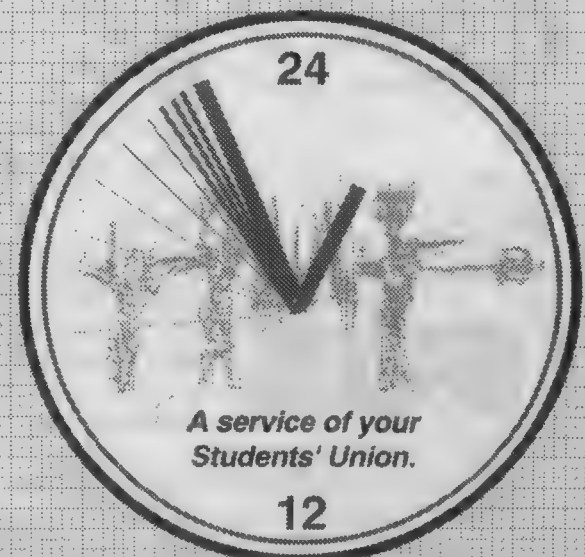
Jay Brown's Poetry Corner

My Silly Mum!
My Silly Mum!

Sometimes she yells at me
and calls me "axideht"
then she takes her medecih
and is nice to me again
I love mummy when
she's nice!



SUB 24 HOUR STUDY SPACE

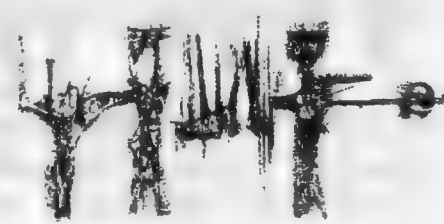


APRIL 17-27 inclusive

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Students' Union Year in Review



Terence Filewych, President

So what has the SU been doing this year? It's nice to find out once in a while what our SU fees are doing for us. We agree. It's time for a quick report on what we have been up to and what is coming up when the new execs take over in May.

This year your dynamic and energetic SU made many positive strides. Way back last April, the SU started the year off with renovations to SUB which, in the span of four short months, has made SUB into a centre of student activity. The success of this project set the tone for a successful year on all fronts. Our Annual Report will have all the details, but for now, in point form, here are some of the results your SU has achieved for you:

Providing and enhancing services that meet your needs

Services are now re-located in the lower level of SUB. We're working together as a team in a new centralized location to better serve you!

Safewalk

Wow! A brand new service for students! Created this September, volunteer 'Safe-walkers' have given over 1000 students a 'safe' walk to their destination after dark.

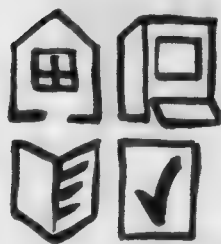


Student Financial Aid and Information Centre

The SFAIC coordinates financial planning workshops, tax sessions and helps you out with your student loan forms. We've served hundreds of students this term alone and have started a high school outreach program!

Registries

Here you can get help typing your resumés, old exams that can help you study, and rental lists to help you find a place to live. You can also get lists of used books and tutors too! And we've even upgraded the lab so we don't have those dusty old Macs!



Ombudservice

Yay! The Ombudservice is 10 years old this year! Happy Birthday! The service handled over 300 cases this year — from helping students with their academic appeals to cutting the red tape on other complaints.



Volunteer Services

Want to find out about all the volunteering opportunities on campus? Come talk to us! We're also working on a Volunteer Centre that will integrate on campus volunteer opportunities with community volunteering opportunities. One stop volunteer shopping!



Information Services

We continue to answer all your questions and serve your info needs at the info booths. And we've added a new booth in the Education building!



Student Help

Peer counselling to help you through the stressful times. Are exams getting you down? Need someone to talk to? Call student help. We're here to listen.



Students Orientation Services

Orienting new students to campus, training Campus Ambassadors, and providing reasonably priced test prep seminars such as the GMAT, MCAT, and LSAT.



Student Group Services

Providing all the services you need to set up and maintain a student group including office space, grant applications, mail collection, fax and a host of other services in our new student groups resource area!

Gateway

What more can we say? This fine publication you are reading is a service of your Students' Union. To save us production costs, we bought a PMT machine so we can now do them in-house. They have editorial autonomy, of course.

CJSR 88.5 FM

Our very own campus radio station receives over \$60 000 per year in funding from the fees you pay. Broadcasting experience and a whole lot of cool tunes!

Lobbying for a Higher Quality of Education

Provincial and Federal Elections - Vote Education!

Yep. We've got all their promises on file. We surveyed all candidates and exactly what they said, so we can hold 'em accountable. We also got the Vote Education Message out with working with other students across the province. Press conferences, news ads, bridge banners and lots of other stuff.

Universal Course Evaluations

They're here! At GFC we passed a policy that a set number of questions that are the same will be used on all course evaluations. Want to access to how your professor scored? It'll be public on the CWIS. (Campus Wide Information System)

Access through Innovation - Government Roundtables

We were busy presenting the student perspective at public consultations and government roundtables. We also submitted policy considerations and continue to meet with the Minister and lobby for policy changes. We're currently addressing the gov't white paper on Advanced Education.

Rallies, post-card campaigns, and petitions

Gotta get that activism up! Well you asked for it and we delivered not one, but two rallies this year! One in QUAD in December and one this summer during provincial elections. Helping the grad students with their post card campaign and circulating anti-cutbacks petitions were other lobby strategies.

Developing a longer term lobbying strategy

Currently interviewing lobbying consultants and developing a longer term plan for next year and beyond - both for the U of A SU and for our provincial organization - CAUS.

A National Lobby Group

A coalition of student associations conceived at the U of A's *Directing the Winds of Change*, a conference of student associations from across the country. We've got an electronic infrastructure now operational and plans for a national structure that need to be finalized.

The Provincial Lobby

By working with our colleagues from Calgary and Lethbridge, we coordinated our efforts in a number of areas to help better represent Alberta students. With this coordinated effort in the above areas, government is more likely to listen.

Improving the Student Financial Assistance

Monthly Allowances Increased!

Through lobbying, the monthly living allowances were increased from \$615 to \$655. Lifetime loan limits were increased and the six month grace period is retained!

Student Financial Assistance Review

Working with other student associations to give the Minister and SFB a strong student voice on the report "Ways and Means To Reduce Defaults".

Edmonton Caucus of MPs

Made presentation to the Edmonton Caucus to lobby for a revitalized student loan program. Lobbied for more flexible repayment and income contingent student loans.

Building SUB into a Centre of Activity

SUB Renovations

What more can we say? On time, on budget, and now a centre of student activity. More students, increased revenues means a healthy future for the SU and you!



SUB Market

Serendipity! We've expanded the selling of goods in SUB. Now you can buy your honey a special gift on the way home...

24 Hour Study Space in SUB

You asked for it. You got it! SUB is open 24 hours during exam week. Study. Study. Study. On average, we have over 400 people per hour using SUB for that purpose. Man! We could toast bread with all that brainpower!

University Services and Health Services move to SUB

What a great idea! Now President Davenport and the VPs think so too! They like SUB so much that we're going to move all the University Services here! We're working out the details as you read...

Volunteer Centre in SUB

It's going to be set up for next fall! All on campus volunteer opportunities and community volunteer ops in one location.

Alumni Wall of Recognition

Built by your Students' Union, the Wall was officially unveiled this spring. The Alumni Association has now purchased it. Need an inspiration? Check out some of those bios.

**ALUMNI WALL OF RECOGNITION****Funding Future Renovations - Fundraising**

We're working to upgrade our Board rooms, create a Video Communications system for SUB, and fund future renovations. We've already raised over \$45 000 and have donations from a whole lot of really prominent alumni and companies. Peter Loughheed, Justice Miller, Canadian Utilities, the Alumni Association and a whole bunch of others!

Making SU Businesses profitable**Room at the Top**

This year was our banner year for revenues at RATT! Over the last two years, our revenues have increased consistently.

Dewey's

The Deli was losing money. We closed it. We put in seating in place of the Deli and now we have more seating to serve you better!

L'Express

Our very own deli in the food court is turning around very impressive revenues. The final numbers are not in, but L'Express looks like it is the top revenue producer in the food gallery.

The Games Room and "The Empty Pocket" pool hall

Holy! The billiards area has improved by over 150% from last year's figures, and the electronic games area has improved by 80%. This area is having a record year.

Canadian Campus Business Consortium

A national buying group created right here at the U of A! The constitution is signed and the organization off the ground. We've over 10 campuses involved with a combined budget of over \$50 million. Pretty soon we'll be knocking on the doors of our suppliers with a contract for the best bid. Over the long term, this organization will save the SU hundreds of thousands of dollars through bulk purchases and joint business ventures.

Canadian
Campus
Business
Consortium



Consortium
d'Affaires
des Campus
Canadiens

Representing Your Concerns**On Campus...**

We're representing students at all the campus decision making bodies, including Board of Governors, Senate, General Faculties council, Alumni Association and the Council on Student life. Student input into things like the 'Degrees of Freedom' Strategic Plan, Presidential Search Committee and all other issues under the sun.

Service on Campus

Working with Administration to get those offices open at lunch time! Some of them are now open, some of them still need work. The University Suggestion program and Focus groups are other things we have participated in to help improve service on our campus.

Keeping Administration Accountable

Currently compiling and analyzing statistics from StatsCan reports to compare the expenditures of our university in key areas to similar universities across the country.

Improving Teaching

Hosting a student-teacher forum to talk about ways to improve instruction on campus.

In Edmonton...**Transit Cuts**

We've made presentations to city council to lobby for maintenance of transit services.

Student For A Day

Members of the community were invited to campus to be 'students for a day'. After experiencing and understanding life as a student they can use their contacts to help make government policy student friendly!

Across Alberta and Across the Country

Didn't you read our record for lobbying? It's right up there in black and white... see above.

Celebrating Excellence**Students' Union Awards**

We recognize outstanding achievement and involvement in all aspects of campus. Awards Night is tomorrow evening in the theatre. Come celebrate with us!

Building Campus Spirit**Wake-A-Thon**

A competition to see which team could stay awake the longest. Uh oh. The Gateway won!

Golden Bears and Pandas Legacy Fund

Funding our Athletics teams for travel, hosting tournaments, and doing promotions.

Baseball against Administration

The first SU in the last 5 years to annihilate the Administration's Baseball team! Way to go, gang!

New to the U

Welcoming new students to the U of A. Complete with a skit from all of the services and Administration.

A Campus Spirit Shop?

We're wondering whether or not we need a campus spirit / campus pride shop that is visible and accessible to students. What do you think? Plans are in the works.

Supporting clubs and groups**Administration Board granted funding to these groups this year:**

Animation and Cartooning Club, Phi Delta Gamma fraternity, Phi Delta Theta fraternity, Edmonton Intercollegiate Rodeo Assoc., Special Ed Students Assoc, Music Ed Students Assoc, Hard of Hearing and Deaf Club, Food Science Club - Dairy Judging team, Civil Club, Student Group Services, Information Services, COFA funding committee, AISEC, Forest Society, Biochemistry Students' Assoc, RMBS, SafeWalk, Undergrad Geophysics Society, Chinese Library Assoc, Women's Law Forum, Concrete Toboggan Club, Outdoors Club, PS Warren Geological Society, Scuba club, Campus Crusade for Christ, SIHA - Tanzania project, Ukrainian Student's Society, Debate Club, Federation of Asian Students, Oriental Pearl Society, SANG, AISEC and others.

Supporting Charitable Causes**SU's Eugene Brody Board supported these charitable causes this year:**

United Way, Canadian Hunger Foundation, Boy's and Girl's Club, CUSO, Peer Health Educators, Children First Foundation, Change for Children, Ronald McDonald House, SPCA, Discovery Multicultural Assoc, Asthma society of Canada, Canadian Network Broadcasting, Pueblito, Baccus Canada, MS Society of Canada, Youth Emergency Shelter, Santa's Anonymous, Faded Blues Hockey, WUSC, Easter Seals of Canada, Edmonton Hire a Student, Canada Unicef Committee, Developing Countries Farm Radio Network, Azimuth Theatre Association, Camp He Ho Ha, Kids with Cancer, and a whole bunch of other charitable causes!

Keeping you entertained:**Events**

Week of Welcome
Courtyard Spring Concert
Winter Carnival
Eggnog Party

Dinwoodie Shows

The Watchmen
The Waltons

**Doughboys**

Red Kross
Soul Asylum
Junkhouse
John Hiatt
Fishbone
Biohazard
Moxy Fruvous
TOOL

Horowitz Theatre Shows

Holly Cole Trio
Spirit of the West
Cowboy Junkies
Jim Rose Circus Sideshow
Blue Rodeo

City Wide Shows

Sara McLachlan
The Chieftains

Lectures

Sue Johansen
"I don't understand women" - Norman Nawrocki

Noon Hour Shows (main floor SUB)

Atomic Improv
Scared Weird Little Guys
Hemingway Corner
Incredible Boris
Three Dead Trolls in a Baggie w/ Jr. Gone Wild
Sara Craig

Planning for Next year and beyond**Students' Union Strategic Plan**

The SU strategic plan was used this year for planning purposes and we have all incoming Directors submitting a strategic plan.

Thank You!

To all staff, students, volunteers, councillors and executive for making this year such a successful and memorable one. It is through your tireless efforts that we have accomplished what we set out to do. Your efforts are sincerely appreciated. Kudos!

Y I N & Y A N G



Christopher Woo

JOBS THAT BLOW

This goes out to all of the students who are currently stressed out from the final exam crunch; wake up!

If you think this is rough, wait until finals are over and summer begins. This year's summer jobs situation promises futility and frustration, and plenty of fruitless trips downtown to Hire-a-Slave. The simple reason it will be so frustrating this year is because there will be just TOO MANY jobs out there for you, the exhausted-just-finished-finals student, to sort through. But fret not, because here I offer my generous advice to guide you through the slew of summer job possibilities. First things first—RELAX. You've just finished writing some of the most important exams of your life, so it's time to take it easy. Slow down, forget about mailing out resumes and calling employers ad nauseam. Screw it, let them call YOU if they want to hire you. You're sitting pretty as it is; just take the best offer that pops up.

Secondly, if you've applied to any of the following companies,

call them IMMEDIATELY and inform them of your wishes to revoke your application. That's right—don't let them mess with your personal data; who knows what pervert now has your address and phone number. As a matter of fact, tell their Human Resources department to go "manually stimulate themselves to orgasm," or words to that effect. Here's the list: Canadian Impe...

(Editor's note: the above list was a complete listing of companies Mr. Chris Woo has ALREADY applied to. I think he has something to tell you.)

Look, I need a job more than you silver-spoon-stuck-up-your-rear-no-student-loan bastards. And forgive me for trying to thin out the retards from our herd. It's rough out there as it is, and I foresaw yet another summer languishing in retail ahead of me.

I still have to do an article on summer jobs, though, so here it is. No, there are not too many jobs out there. And chances are, you're going to end up doing something trained monkeys could do. Jobs like:

1. Landscaper (a.k.a.—lawn-gnome). Landscaping is the closest thing modern Canada has to out-and-out slavery. Especially during Spring, when the grass grows as though Satan himself is pushing

up each individual loathsome blade. Common questions asked by landscapers include "Hey, didn't I just mow that lawn?", "Hey, doctor, is it skin cancer?" and "Hey, where's the rest of my check?" Look, I have to be ordered at gun-point to mow my own damned lawn; why the hell do I want to mow someone else's? Minimum wage? Yeah, right.

2. Tree-Planter (a.k.a.—Bear-food). All accounts I've heard about this particular job give me horrible flashbacks to Vietnam; the dense vegetation, the non-stop hiking, the



stalking of predators all around you. And the worst of all; the P.O.W. camp I lived in for 13 years. Because this is all tree-planting is. You hike and plant until your back begs to give out BUT YOU HAVE TO KEEP MOVING BECAUSE—WHAT WAS THAT NOISE!?!?! It may not be Charlie, but a bear will kill you just as well. As for the camps they set you up in; I heard that if you don't plant enough trees in a day, you aren't fed! Also, if you act up, they lock you for days inside a tiny "sweat-box," which bakes in the hot noon-day Viet-

namesun. Or maybe that's flashback-residue. Anyway, certain people may come back from a tour-of-duty tree-planting, bragging about how much money they've made. Of course it's going to be a substantial amount! You're out in the middle of no-fucking-where! You can't spend it anywhere! Enjoy your money, fool. You may have a bulging wallet, but you're missing a huge chunk of your life that they stole from you. It's pathetic; Amnesty International should look into this.

Ok, so maybe not all of us are going to suffer this summer. Some of us may luck out, and get one of the following jobs:

3. Parking-Ticket Giver-Outer (aka: Jerkoff, Loser, etc.). Sure, you may take some abuse, but man, what a job! You basically drive around all day, goofing-off! You can park anywhere you damn well please, and who's to know if you're driving around looking for violations, or napping in a dark parkade? Basically, the key to a good summer job is that it has to have a high pay-to-work ratio. And this job is near the top of the chart. I don't know how much it pays, but you could always augment your salary, anyways (ie. "Look, there's a new method of payment: if you can just give ME five dollars now, you won't have to pay this thirty-

dollar ticket.")

4. Semen-Donator (aka: Jerkoff, Loser, etc.). The stigma associated with this job may be formidable, but hoo-boy! The pay-to-work ratio is winning-lottery-ticket-esque! Here's what you get: \$50/sample, for as many as you can produce, and free skin-mags! Sure, you can't exactly put this on your resume, or tell grandma about your job, but hey, you'll be driving to school next fall in a g-damned Integra and living in your own condo. Plus, you can do this job part-time, and take on other employment. Heck, get a job at 7-11 and just lock up the store once and a while. Or combine this with the above dream job: "Hey, what's that guy doing in that parking-services car? OHMIGOD!" (I think several of the current parking-services people are already on to this). I'm not sure where you apply for this job and it may be just an urban legend, but you'd better get practicing just in case! I hear the interviewers are pretty demanding.

I guess the bottom line is any job is better than no job at all. And despite the competition you all pose for me, I do wish you all the best of luck this summer. Looks like we'll all need it... unless you know someone, in which case I wish you a long, painful death, you partaker-of-nepotism bastard.

Congratulations

Michener Park Lister HUB Garneau Pembina Faculté St. Jean

The Residence Life Division of the Department of Housing and Food Services wishes to congratulate all graduates who have lived in our communities during this past year or over the last few years. We trust all your personal dreams and career aspirations are realised! We've appreciated your support and involvement in our communities and hope the road which lies ahead has few bumps or obstacles. We hope you remember your stay with us with fondness and the friendships developed in our communities are everlasting.

Best of Luck!

Wyn Gittins

Tiffany Tsang

Lorne Williams

Laura McMurdo

Jennifer Studney

Michel Ouellette

Richard Toogood

Angie Brow

Darlene Lipinski

Residence Life Division
Housing & Food Services
University of Alberta



N E W S T O M E



Jay "Jay" Brown

Mmmmmmm! Beer!

What can I say? I really like beer. Beer is the nectar of the gods. Beer is universal. What do the ancient Egyptians, the Indians, the Irish, and the Africans all have in common? They all made beer. They have all taken part in the great communal act of brewing and consuming beer. If ever there was a point around which we can all rally, it is beer.

Now, undoubtedly, the ancients made beer which quite likely tasted different from region to region, continent to continent, but it was still beer.

Nowadays, with uniform regulations, beer is pretty much brewed the same way. It doesn't really change, you know? I mean, your average bottle of Canadian doesn't really taste all that different from a bottle of Club. It's just that one costs more. Why? Because some beer exec decided that they would charge more for one kind of beer. Some marketing wizard straight out of University has decided that by putting some tin foil on the neck of a bottle of generic beer that the company could charge more for it.

But what are we anyway? Stupid? Apparently so. Have you ever been to the Black Dog? I've gone there a few times, and I guess I don't mind the place. In the after-

noon when no one is there, I sometimes go to play darts with my friends. But you can't get Pilsner there.

What the hell is up with that? I



mean, they just don't carry it. It doesn't fit their image, I guess. They carry Canadian, and Molson Dry, as well as Blue and a whole lot of other pretty beers that come in

green bottles and bottles with corks and stuff. And they all cost way more than Pil.

But you and I both know that it's really just all the same. It all came from the same vat, but they just put it in different bottles. Some of that beer is going to the shallow pretty people, and some of it goes to the salt of the earth, who know the way things are, if you know what I mean.

Any ways, the end result is that you have a bunch of snotty arts students who think they are too damn good to drink the same beer as the people who grow the barley that makes the beer they're drinking.

Thus we are a divided society,

separated by artificial class barriers. The one thing that can unite us is used by those who would profit from our discord. My solution is that the government pass laws that force beer companies to bottle all beer in the same generic bottles with the same labels. Then from east to west, from the hippies on Vancouver Island to the Newfies on the rock, from the rural redneck to the snotty cosmopolitan, we can be one. One nation under beer. Who can lose? There are only two beer companies up here anyhow. They still get to make the beer and all the money. And when everyone is all happy and universal in their love of beer, they will just buy more. Man, I'm smart.



Juliet Williams

Some happiness

This blank, dizzy, probably cancer-filled computer terminal is glaring at me. Maybe because I'm glaring at it and its lack of inspiration. But who am I kidding? On what planet would a computer screen ever be inspirational or moving in any way? What's mind-altering is the fresh, happy spring that's growing outdoors. Though marred by impending exams and frustrated hopes, the sunny days and flower-filled walks can't help but lift anyone to at least a lighter level of depression. For some, the days of winter brought sadness, desperation, and the knowledge that there would be six months of torment and gloom to come. How can those people do anything but rejoice now that the green grass is gasping to survive and the street cleaners are sweeping away the gravel so we can all ride our bikes without fear of hurting our delicate skins? The days are already much longer, and the late nights and starry skies of

summer can't be far off. I know it's hard to keep all of these happy, upbeat thoughts in your head when you're looking for that elusive and completely irrelevant retail job, or studying a completely innane cal-



culus textbook, but soon those days of hell'll be over.

So back to the computer thing. Looking at this terminal reminds me of how automated everything has become. Soon, the flowers and grass that make us relish spring and gasp for a breath of fresh spring night air will be all simulated. Our

environment, our companions, our meals, even our sexual relationships could all be done over the computer terminal. How sad that we would miss out on all the great intricacies of other human beings,

the library and you decide to go for a break, go outside! It will be a pleasant diversion from the drone of studying if you can manage to drag yourself back in once your break's over. Why not go all out

spring? It seems that men's testosterone levels reach one of their twice-yearly peaks in springtime, turning them into fiery masses of ill-contained tension and sexual frustration. Women's testosterone (yes, we have some, too!) peaks twice monthly, so our hormones are always on the go, but I have a feeling that its dose is significantly less than that which is distributed to members of the male gender.

However you choose to ring in spring (hey, we could make Spring into a New Year's Eve kinda thing... but then everyone would have to get all pretentious and dress up... forget it.), relax. Enjoy. Grasp the noxious buds in your fingers and roll around in the fresh grass. It's here to stay, but in Alberta it won't last long.

not to mention the menial tasks which provide us income from which to live on, which we refer to as jobs. Even now, amidst the glowing tendrils of springtime, I am being held hostage by a temperamental computer and it's making my eyes hurt. Is this long enough yet?

Next time you're cooped up in

and have an afternoon of frolicking and ringing in the youthful days of

Oh my.



Oh my.

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the A Q U A R I U M



Fish Griwowsky

THE ROAD BEHIND...

Time passes as time has a habit of doing. And we've reached another end.

But oddly, I do not feel like bathing in the dramatic quite yet. I've seen too many ends. My favorite are the wiggly ones.

In a way, I'm sick of things finishing. I wonder if young people have always been so melancholy? What is it that's so

ing Rome in bitterness. And I liked it even though it made me sad. The papers ran articles about lonely Joey Moss, milking all the sorrow they could get out of it. No more "Getsky!" The world literally shook in response.

Perhaps there is a certain peace in apocalypse. CBC, an organization seemingly obsessed with cracking the great mystery of "our gen—yawn—eration," has on numerous occasions done items on the Nuclear War Fairy Tale and how it affected us. The whole point of thinking about the bombs falling was to give our lives a sense of worth. You only *really* appreciate things when they can go away, as I have learned in my family, work, love life, and Star Wars action figure collecting.

But not all ends are so noble. Most aren't. Think of Gallagher. Most ends sneak up on you from behind or happen over such a long period of time that you never notice them. I don't remember everything about

alluring about completion, especially of the things you love?

I remember the Oilers in the eighties. They were a powerhouse. Something to be proud of. But decay set in. Of management. Of team spirit. And finally, of Caesar Gretzky leav-

this, but one particular episode of *Battlestar Galactica* comes to mind. Starbuck had crashed simultaneously on a barren world with a cylon ship. They shot each other down, I think, using that same special effect where the viper blasts the fiend out of

the top right of the screen. Starbuck spent a long, lonely time and eventually rebuilt the damaged cylon, despite his prejudice. I know—gag. Anyway our spaceman eventually fixes the armoured robot and they become friends. They fuck and—well, I think they did—get along nicely. But, for no particular reason, a couple other cylons show and try to kill Starbuck. Of course, our cylon gets wasted and Starbuck is mortified and ends up hating cylons anyway. Here's the part I'm not sure about. I think that was the last time we ever saw Starbuck. I'm probably wrong, but it's much better my way, because the last shot has the lone space Egyptian standing on a cliff with sad music and the sun going down behind him, trapped forever in hell.

That's what life's like sometimes. You crash-land on a planet, repair an enemy automaton who then gives his life up so that you can live in misery, hanging around in dramatic places all the time. Sort of.

I don't know how many of you are graduating soon, but you'll probably know what I'm talking about. Not that I'm graduating soon. Or know what I'm talking about. Nonetheless, me be sad.

After a number of years loafing about here at the paper and there between your thumbs and fingers I am leaving.

And I'm really scared.

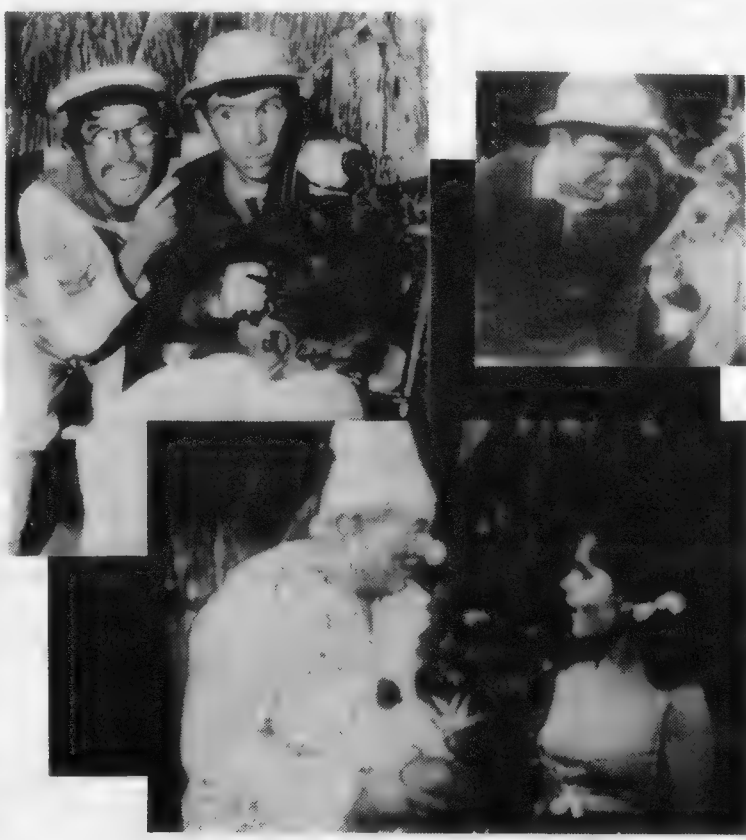
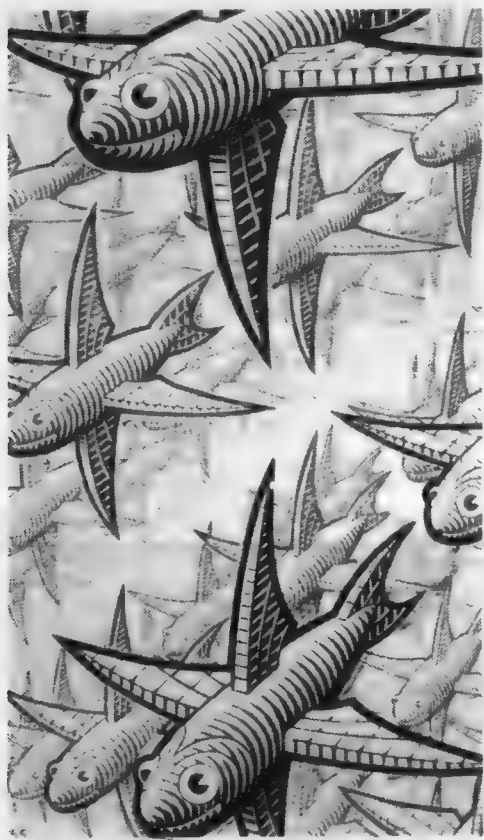
Ah, my Monkeys.

I've been Fish for years and years now, but Fish just don't

cut it in the world of semi-annual forecasts and McJobs. For the first time in my life, I feel like I have to grow up, which is slightly different than how I usually feel, halfway torn between watching pornos with a squeeze bottle of hand cream (grow big) or drinking too much up in RATT (throw up).

But growin' up ain't what it used to be. These days, growing up is getting a shitty job in

proving all the disciples of Coupland wrong. I think even Chomsky says North America is bound to find a way to keep itself afloat. On the backs of others perhaps, but afloat. Too bad this is the last paper, so we don't get to hear Malmo-Levine contradict me if I'm wrong. The point of this paragraph being that I want it all to go wrong. I want to suffer. I want to say, "See? I told you everything was



MR. OPINION

Twenty-five years ago today (when I'm writing this), I was born. I've never met my parents. I was set adrift in a basket made of hemp shortly after birth and my current family raised me like their very own son. I can imagine my parents only through my innate wants and questionable desires. One of my purest and most interesting (to me) possessions is my beige stapler. For years I would buy one of those cheap \$1.29 drug store staplers, the ratty kind which fall apart, but a couple years ago I took one from work which had rubber grips on the bottom, a solid state steel frame and a serious and strong spring action. In my hand I heft it like a tool, like a drill or a powersaw, and

and yet it is but a stapler. But oh, what a stapler.

Which makes me think Ma & Pa, 25 years ago (and nine months), must have been heavy breathing in a stationary store, casually touching each other in some tender adolescent way, licking envelopes and kissing each other with that gummy taste in their mouths, rubbing pens and erasers over each other's tight little bodies, pushing each other against stacks and stacks of binders and coiled notebooks. Perhaps the manager looked away for a second and they fell to the carpet bringing down a shelf of masking tape, staple removers and those pens which have five different coloured inks in them. Ma would be the aggressor, pulling my father on top of her, tearing down his pants or cutting them off with scissors, perhaps hurting him and cutting his flesh. Oh the pain of binders clamping shut on nipples, of envelope openers slid across stomachs and into the crotch area, the stain and dampness of maybe an ink pad emptying itself on dad's lower back or the way



Ma would look like a copper medusa with paper clip ribbons coming out of her hair. Oh, the sex and the tearing of flesh, biting and pushing each other, just to make me, their unwanted boy, a reckless, reckless youth in a stationary store. Their love, their shuddering 8 1/2 by 11 inch plain paper love.

A small amount of time ago I was in the washroom at work, standing up and peeing downwards, sometime after lunch. I heard a sound like a woman choking coming from the stall that was unattracting into. I listened for a few minutes while the woman hacked and coughed and puked her guts out in the room beside me. I was kind of concerned, thinking someone was really sick. And I kept coming, perhaps like a wave of dirty bathroom vomit. I just stood there. This person could breathe, she was coughing, and she was sound, but also kind of a pure and cleansing sound. To me, it sounded like a joyous sound, as if the woman's spit was a good thing for her, something she wanted to be doing, not a sick and loathsome shoves kind of thing but a purging, a casting out, as it were. It was just after lunch, as I've said, and I suppose whoever it was looked there. Do they do this all the time? Oh, raising hell. Who is it? Whose sickness? What is the reason?

One of my ex-girlfriends used to be bulimic. Gymnastics she says. A mother who wanted her to eat less and less—so she would, just to please her mother, and then yak it up right after dinner. All I know, however, is that someone I work with was puking

some dumb ass mall, kissing a bunch of asses until the end of time. Man, I'm too cynical to believe even *that*. We are in tough times right now—a temporary state. The economy will probably go and get better, falling apart!" And it's not going to happen. Damn.

Too bad, because I want to remember these times as wonderful. As the best of times. How many of you out there got laid for the first time during university? Or stoned? Or had your heart broken? Or ate, like, a really gross sandwich? Without the threat of Eternal Suck, we never cherish what we got. We don't. I don't. Maybe it's just me.

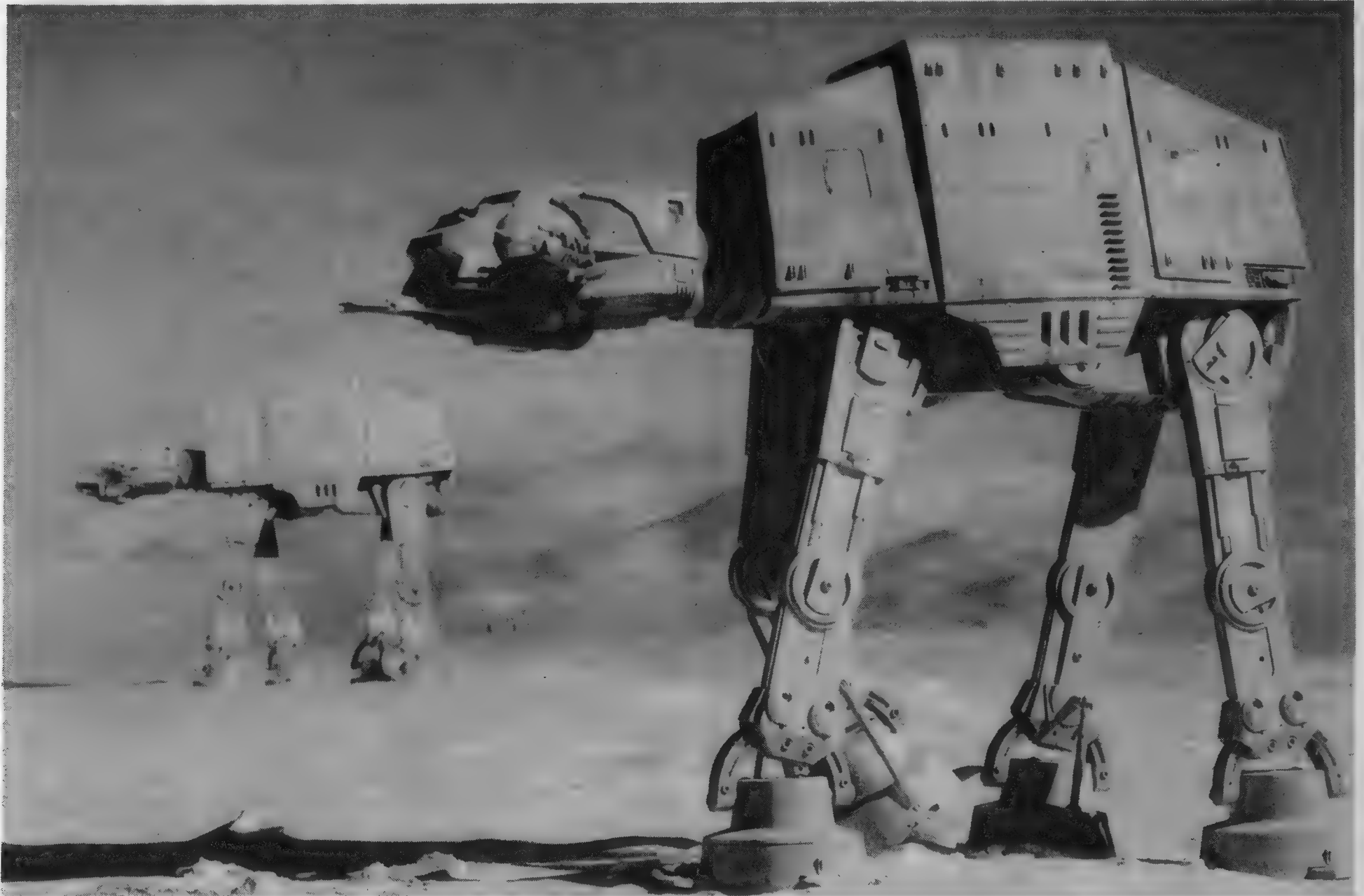
You know, I never thought about that. What if it's just me? But that would be too easy. I've heard truckloads of angst-ridden teens complain that they're all alone in the world and that nobody understands them. If nothing else, I think I do.

Like me, they jump in front of the camera whenever it's pointed at someone else. They just want to be loved. Some of us write for the *Gateway*.

But, as I said, that's all coming to an end now. Kaput.

I'm almost too tired to write this. I've been working like a demon for the first time in my life. I stayed up late and killed Poo Poo last week (ya, I draw thatshit), and I have sixteen pages.

MY ROOTS



You know, it's been five years since I first walked in that *Gateway* door.

You probably don't care, but I feel like getting this off my chest. I came here at the end of the last decade with a lame idea for a lame comic strip. A goofy guy named Phil kept on going on how he admired cartoonists. "How do you guys come up with all of your ideas?" he asked.

What ideas? This is the *Gateway*. One of the best things he taught me, however, was to never take my contributions to the paper too seriously. "We're all amateurs here," he said when I tried to trash another strip, one, I still attest, that was well worth trashing. But he just wanted to avoid the kind of comic wars that Space Moose got into with Malmo and Love in a Void. Me, I think they're funny.

Boy, is this article going off on a tangent. I feel like Trudeau or something. Les Memoires de Poisson avec Bifteck. L'Etat, c'est moi! Eh, fuck you, eh? Oh well, I continue...

Being Managing Editor is a wild job. It's more of a party than work. I mean, don't get me wrong. It's hard to make your mind work in such a way that makes you the Eternal Nice Guy. I don't think I ever did. People come in with the worst ideas and articles and I tried to be nice to them. This is, after all, a paper which belongs to all of us. So many students walked through our door. Some wanted to bash the "right-wing." Some wanted to draw cartoons and got lost in the shuffle. Some just wanted to fuck me.

I know. You hate that. "What

an arrogant prick!" But it's true. A skinny loser nerd freak stupid Devo-lovin' gaylord self-indulgent space cat like me actually got hit on. I still don't understand it. I want you to know that I'm not bragging or saying I'm some kind of stud, because usually I was too chicken and in love to do anything about it. It's just a little overwhelming, that's all. I felt famous, in a useless way.

I say all of this knowing that soon it will be gone. And only I would have the sheer gall to do a two-page feature about myself. So the rumors go.

But this isn't really about me at all. It's about my love, the *Gateway*. And campus. And life.

And cats.

What?

When it all comes down to it, cats are everything. God, I'm really searching here. Cats teach you everything you need to know in life. They teach you about responsibility. They teach you about sex. They teach you about death. They teach you about staring into basement windows on snowy days while the Christmas lights flicker, Talking Heads playing on a rickety old turntable. I sound like an English major. Perhaps cats taught me how.

I still don't feel very dramatic. I just feel... inside myself. I'm writing this in a noisy office full of volunteers and two ex-lovers. My leg is itchy. I have a lot of work to do.

One last time.

I'm sorry. This article is falling apart. I'm thinking about the time K.I.T.T. from *Knight*

Rider tried to take Goliath the giant A.I. semi out. He just drove right on into that big evil truck even though he knew he was gonna get creamed. My life is television from the eighties. I feel like I've been running away from that big ol' Goliath for a lot of years now.

It's time to engage him.

Fuck that. Too scared. Change subject. Still about endings.

Blam! Kurt Cobain blew his head off. He's not a hero. He's not a zero. He's just a guy. And, for the rest of their lives, his wife and mother

shall blame themselves. Don't call him Jim Morrison, mainstream media. But I agree with the sentiments of some. I'm going to miss Nirvana.

Is this the stupidest thing I've ever written? No, that piece about the toothbrush was. This is just the biggest. Stream of consciousness overflows. I'm drowning. What's out there for me, man? For any of us?

Shut up.

Fucking shut up.

I'm sick of people whining.

I am whining.

I'm sick of... myself?

Lordy lordy lordy.

My ex-girlfriend Sabrina is hanging off of Jason Chouinard while my new love lurks elsewhere. It's all falling apart. I don't have time to do this right.

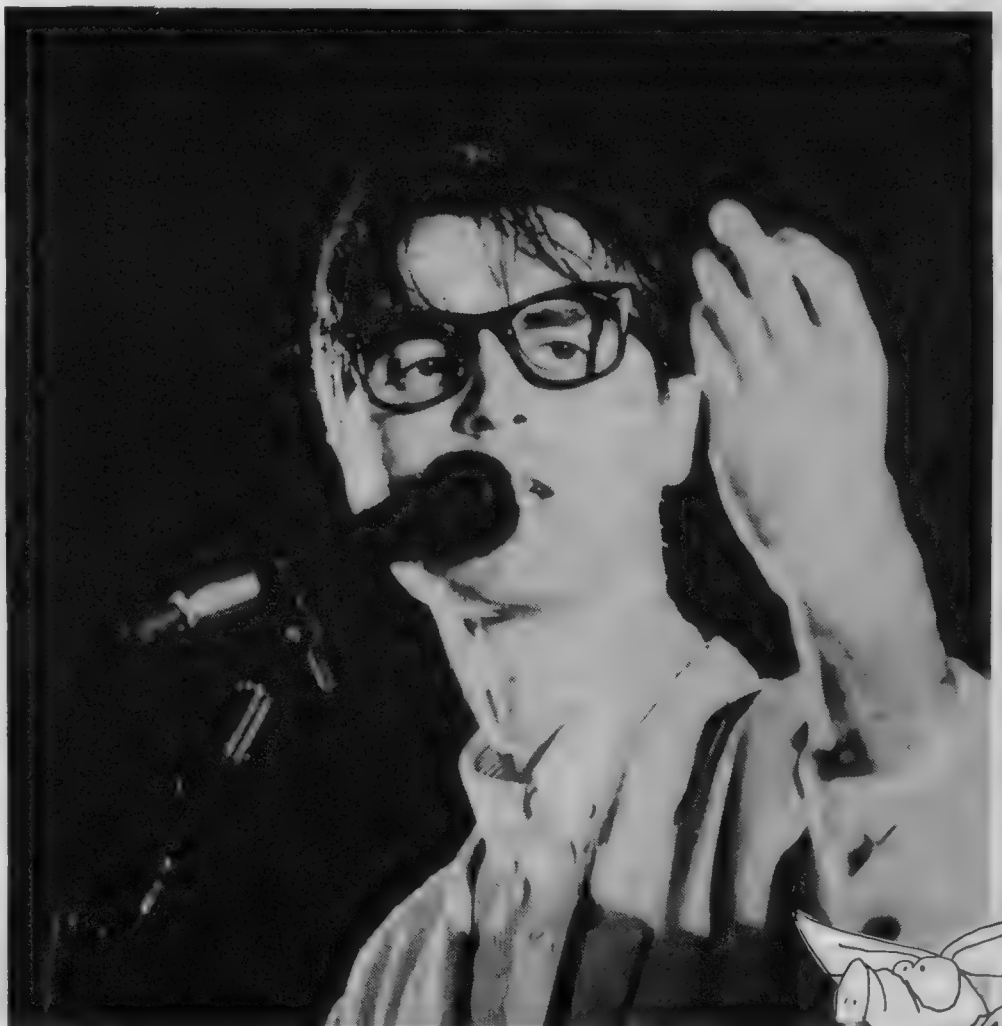
Oh, fuck it, I'll probably be back next year. I'm too weak to go away. It's too noisy in here to write. God. I'm a slug.

Ya, screw it. I'm outta here.

I love and thank everyone that ever read me.

Bye.

Hm. That sucked.



ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment Editor Dave Johnston 492-7052

NOYESNOYESNOYESYESYES!

No confusion—Nomeansno provided a fine evening for all



Rodney Gitzel

Nomeansno
w/ the Imagineers
and the Naked and the Dead
Polish Hall
April 6

review by Scott, Christine, and Rodney
(Editor's note: it's late, I think I'm sick, and I'm here laying out the section. I missed Nomeansno last week because I had to work here. Many of you saw Nomeansno. Some of you couldn't give a flying fuck who Nomeansno is. The point is this, my dear readers: many people regard Nomeansno as a legend in punk music, a genre of music appreciated by some but, granted, not by all. But there are idiots in beer hats slugging somebody around because his hair might be different or that he's wearing a t-shirt of a band they've never heard of. If I had my choice, people who wear patterned sweats

would be shot dead and nailed to a post. I don't like Garth Brooks. The word here is compromise—leave the kids to the music they want to hear because if you believe for a minute that the music will turn them psychotic, get your head out of your fat ass. If we gotta hear your pick-up truck spew Alabama or Bruce Springsteen, then get used to people who like Nomeansno. Who knows, if you actually talked to these people, you might find out they're pretty cool.

By the way, a band does not become trendy intentionally. There will always be posers, so don't blame the artist. That's enough of my rant. Thanks for listening.)

Scott: The first band sucked. The second band was ok; they rocked. The third band was great. They were really cool, cuz I moshed and broke my glasses. I wore at least four Mr Happy shirts. And boy was I warm. And padded.

Christine: Nobody listened to the first band. Everyone was watching the t-shirts at the back, instead. The Imagineers rocked because there were no hockey hair people there, just people with spikes. Nomeansno is cool. They played songs from most of their albums, I think. Rodney pulled me into the pit. I didn't break my glasses. I wasn't wearing any.

Rodney: The Naked and the Dead started off quite well, but they seem to lose their focus midway through their set, which was sad. (Aside: I haven't seen so many people punked out in a veeeery long time. Lots of people rummaging through the attics of Edmonton?) The Imagineers were pretty lousy. Maybe it was their equipment problems, maybe it was me, but, no, maybe it was them. (Sorry, Justin, but it's true.)

And then, Nomeansno. Whee! They played mostly from *That's Why They Call Me*

Mr. Happy and *WRONG*, which not so coincidentally are their most raucous albums. They rocked, and Rob Wright, as he has been every time I've seen them play, was amazing. He's an incredible bass player, he sings pretty good, and he's fascinating to watch. He has an elastic face and the energy to keep it writhing all night. Ah. Anyway, they've got a new guitar player; he's ok, but he's just not as good as the old guy, who wrote and sang cool songs. And poor John Wright, he's starting to look as old as his remarkably old-looking bro. On they played and played, and there were surfers like crazy, and people were hitting the CJSR security types on the legs, which wasn't very nice of them. Many people consider Nomeansno to be the best band in Canada, and they could very well be right. And this review could be one of the worst you've read. Sigh. Go look at the pictures instead.

The last entertainment section. Anything I could find is here. The headlines suck, but it's been a long day.

Digging into the earth

I Mother Earth trust their instincts when they make their music

I Mother Earth
Peoples Pub on Whyte
Sunday, Apr. 9

interview by Dave Johnston

When I Mother Earth won their recent Juno award for best Hard Rock group, they balked. Jagori Tanna, guitarist for the Toronto-based group, felt they didn't deserve it.

"Well, we just don't care about those things," he says, sipping a Kokanee. "We were voting for Rush."

I Mother Earth are moving into the big time, however. The group they hoped would win over them asked them to play in the opening slot on their tour, a prospect that is a dream come true for Tanna and his brother, drummer Christian. In 1990, the two Tannas met up with vocalist Edwin and bass player Bruce Gordon to become I Mother Earth. Soon after they formed they quickly moved from opening for local thrash metal groups to headlining their own eclectic shows before signing a major deal with EMI Records.

"We did about thirteen shows—once a

"When we go out on stage, we're not ready to play the record; we're going to play what we feel like playing that particular night."

month," explains Tanna. "Every show was different. Nine times out of ten there would be a new set of songs. We'd do a really extravagant show for about a hour and a half. Then the labels started getting interested, and we didn't even have a tape out or anything like that."

Their album, *Dig*, is a pounding feast of sound unlike anything coming out of Canada. Mixing piercing chords and exotic rhythms, *Dig* has bought the band numerous comparisons to Soundgarden, Led Zepelin, and Pink Floyd—comparisons Tanna feels are misplaced. There's no attempt to sound like another band, he says, only the effort to create something that works. The percussion is the sonic trademark of I Mother Earth, as it draws from a variety of sources and inspirations.

"It's the Santana influence, I think," Tanna speculates, then settles in his seat to explain further: "My brother and I were weaned on all that hippie music. But we didn't start playing with percussion until our second to last show before we got the deal. We just thought, 'What can we do this time?' We decided that we really needed to find someone who understood Latin rhythms."

Armando Borg, "a forty-three Maltese guy," fit the bill and has toured with the band since last year. During the recording of *Dig*, he provided much of the texture I Mother Earth were looking for in their music. The task of making *Dig* was a long, difficult affair, sweeping the group off to Los Angeles to work with producer Mike Clink

(Megadeth, Guns and Roses). Tanna admits that it put a strain on his personal life, but the final product was something he was proud to help create.

"I enjoy all the tracks. I'm attached to them all, but there are a few that hold special memories for me, like 'The Mothers,' 'No One,' and 'Lost My America.' The drum tracks were done on them, and the rest of the guys basically went surfing. I was sick of the way the songs sounded, so I started reworking them. It was one of those things where you suddenly get hit with this surge. By the time the guys came back, I asked them not to be mad at me and to listen to what I had done. They loved it, for which I was thankful."

There is something special about the music they made on *Dig*, and their impact in a live situation is incredible. True to their improvisational roots, their sets are marked by loose jams and exploratory performances, as if I Mother Earth have never ceased to find new musical avenues to run through. Tanna feels that if you stop playing around, you get bored.

"When we go out on stage, we're not ready to play the record; we're going to play what we feel like playing that particular night. If I decide to try something on the guitar and the other guys follow me that's great, but if they don't I move back. Some nights you suck at it, but others work and that's what makes you really feel like going on."

The sold-out house at Peoples Pub also gives Tanna the need to perform. Having played "in front of twelve people" at times, and having feared for his life while in the States, Tanna is excited and amazed by the response I Mother Earth has witnessed in the past year. Despite all the success, Tanna still feels the pangs of loneliness and alienation that come with the trappings of the road to fame.

"It's a test on all your relationships. Things deteriorate, unless you've got people who understand you and make you still feel wanted."

"It's hard. I mean I've spent two years out of a five year relationship with my girlfriend on the road. When we went to LA to make the record, I told her that I didn't know when I would be back. It's a test on all your relationships—girlfriends, family, friends. I haven't spoken to my parents in about two weeks and I feel like an asshole. Things deteriorate, unless you've got people who understand you and make you still feel wanted."

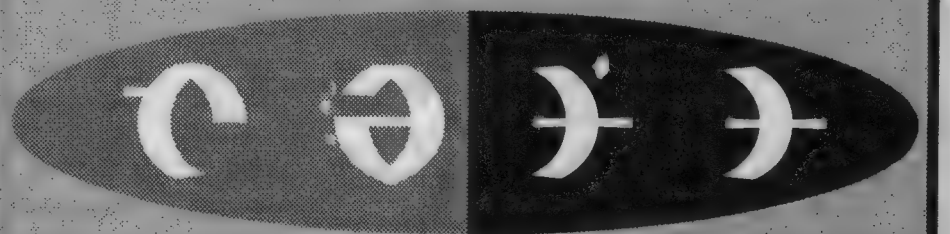
Everybody wants a piece of I Mother Earth, and whatever the cost they'll probably keep giving until there's nothing more to give. For that, they deserve more than a lousy Juno.



Dave Williamson

Guitarist Jagori Tanna and vocalist Edwin of I Mother Earth scream through a mesmerizing set during their Peoples Pub gig on Sunday.

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Dysfunctional family comedy

Nöel Cowardbeat Matt Groening to the punch with *Hay Fever*

Hay Fever
by Nöel Coward
starring Michael Burgess, Fiona Reid,
Robyn Stevan, and Sam D. Robinson
directed by Robin Phillips
Shoctor Stage at the Citadel
until May 1

interview by Dave Johnston
Before Matt Groening was even born, Nöel Coward had the market cornered on dysfunctional families. The family in *Hay Fever* could have easily been called the Simpsons, but the name Bliss seems to work. As hosts to a weekend in the country, they manage to disrupt, annoy, and disgust their house guests with their bad manners and destructive antics. All you have to do is add a monster truck rally and a couple of vague popular culture references and you would have something suitable for Homer and the rest of the freaks.

Sam D. Robinson, a Los Angeles-based actor, managed to get himself into the role of Sam Tyrell, one of the unfortunate guests. Kind of like the special guest star, but not really. First of all, theatre is not a cartoon and Groening is not a playwright—at least not yet. But according to the actor he hasn't had so much fun for a while.

"We're always growing together," he says over the phone from Winnipeg, where the production was being presented prior to the Citadel engagement. "Every night we're finding new ways to communicate to each other. It's exciting because I can't say that I've found a cast like this on every show that I've done. They're an active group."



Sam D. Robinson and Robyn Stevan look nothing like the Simpsons, but Nöel Coward's *Hay Fever* is a whacked-out family affair.

Robinson has tread the Citadel boards before, playing roles in *Wait Until Dark* and *Our Town*, before landing this part. Performing in Canada is a treat for him considering that most of the work done in his home town requires waivers, meaning there's no money to be made. Also, the lack of a steady repertory community in the States denies actors like Robinson the opportunity to grow with other actors throughout an entire season, resulting in having to work with different individuals for every production. *Hay Fever* gives Robinson a chance to develop his role through two different productions with vir-

tually the same cast, as well as a chance to work in a different environment.

"We won't have to worry about performing to a balcony like we did here in Winnipeg," he says with a laugh. "It will be a much more intimate affair. The beautiful thing about taking this production to Edmonton to work under Robin (Phillips) is that we can change some bits of business that we couldn't do so before without the director's approval. Coming into the rehearsal process again in Edmonton is very much a luxury."

Hay Fever is the tip of what seems to be a revival of Nöel Coward's work in North America. Robinson agrees that there seems to be a sort of renaissance, as companies discover that his plays have contemporary themes beneath the rapid fire wit. It is his genius that actors and directors are beginning to tap into again.

"Nöel Coward's work is very intelligent, and as long as the wit is not the only thing carrying the show, the plays are quite brilliant. These are situational comedies; the reason you're laughing is not only because the things being said are witty, but because the situations themselves are funny and life-like."

The Citadel's director-general, Robin Phillips, made a conscious decision to avoid turning *Hay Fever* into "a simple period piece with polite parlour talk." Many people tend to see Coward as only a master of barbs like Oscar Wilde, and ignore the ingenious insights he made. Phillips saw the potential, turned the focus away from the wit, and concentrated on the inherent comedy of the family.

"The play is about a family, much like those today, and I think the problems being dealt with in the play are the same as those we deal with in this day and age. We may not invite people over to dinner as much as they did back then, but this family doesn't care much about what their guests think of them. There are still people like that."

Like the Simpsons.

unidentified young actors

Carnival of Shrieking Youth
Centennial Library
March 30 - April 9

review by Todd Babiak

The best thing about youth is that a bunch of them shriek on occasion. Another nice thing is that some shrieking youths write plays and act and sing and organize carnivals.

Playwright (and youth) Scott Sharplin is one of the founders of the Carnival of Shrieking Youth. This year's festival, the second annual, was moderately successful.

"The houses have been so-so," said Sharplin, just minutes before the final running of his play *Whither Tyler* on Saturday. "The shows themselves have been going really smoothly."

The COSY festival featured four productions written, produced and directed by young people (ages 16-21). Along with *Whither Tyler*, *After and Over* by Meghan Shone, *One Less Trip to the Oculist* by Ross Smith and a new show by those kooky youths Gordon's Big Bald Head graced the Centennial Library theatre.

These youths are working hard to learn and improve. Heck, one of these youngsters could be the next Brad Fraser.

According to Sharplin, the festival made a little bit of money, making a bigger carnival a real possibility for next year. The Friday night show by Gordon's Big Bald Head housed 30 audience members, which was the biggest draw for the 9-day festival.

Whither Tyler was the only show I was able to see. Billed as a "surreal comedy," it was a self-conscious hodgepodge of 10 or 11 absurd scenes. Although not entirely impressive, it contained humorous moments, highlighting Sharplin's potential as a fine (young and shrieking) youth playwright. Tristan Ham, who played the chorus and wore a bear costume for most of the play, was quite funny. There were many swear words in the play. Heathens.

One Less Trip... and Gordon's Big Bald Head were both, according to Sharplin, very funny and very successful all along. *After and Over* got off to a slow start, but it picked up near the end.

Watch for youth theatre throughout the summer and count the minutes until next year, when a bigger and better Carnival of Shrieking Youth will explode into the collective unconscious of Edmontonians. These youths are working hard to learn and improve. Heck, one of these youngsters could be the next Brad Fraser.

As you all know, if there is one thing this town needs, it's another Brad Fraser.



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"I'm glad that the Bronx is getting popular but why don't you big, stupid, heavily-cologned hair-shelacked guys find a new bar. On Fridays (and presumably Wednesdays) you slick idiots start fights and push people around and act like morons. I'm on to you. It never used to be like that at Bronx. You guys are worthless. Go back to Barry T's."

TODD
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p a t r i c k

A bittersweet, wonderous treat

The Sound of Living Things is a book that everybody should be exposed to

The Sound of Living Things
by Elise Turcotte
(trans. by Sheila Fischman)
Coach House Press
sugg. retail: \$13.95

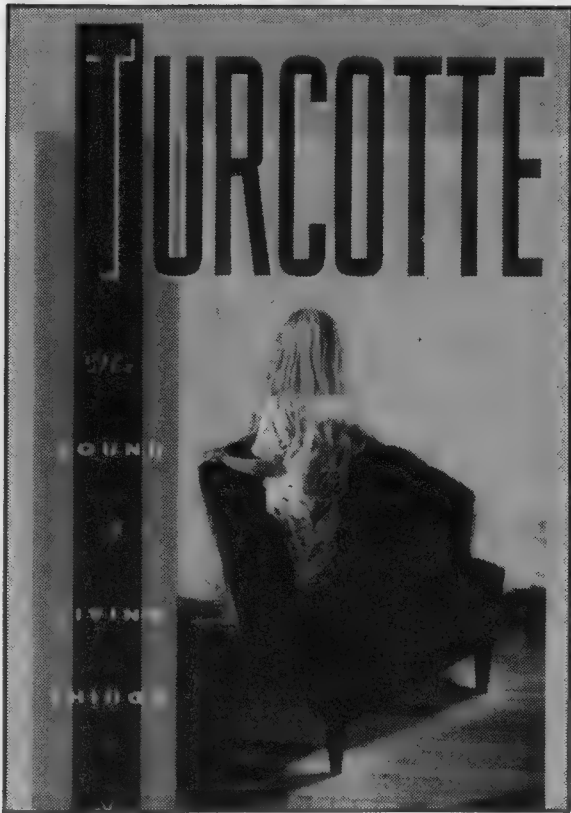
review by Patrick Fowlow

French Canadian poet Elise Turcotte has created a wonderous treat. *The Sound of Living Things* is a novel filled with beautiful images, ideas and thoughts. It reads like a lyric poem, filtering through your eyes to your heart before it reaches your brain. It is a touching, bittersweet book, one everyone should be exposed to.

It is the story of Albanie, a thirty year old librarian, recently separated, and Maria, her three year old daughter. It is the story of their imaginations, fears, loves, and their return to happiness. Their return to joy and understanding. Through their simple day to day lives, we are allowed to view the magic in their minds, in their beliefs and desires for themselves and others, as well as the pain of comprehension that comes with knowledge.

Helping on their journey are their friends, Jeanne and her son Gabriel, and Agnes, the stranger in the library. Also Felix, an abandoned child Albanie and Maria try to help. Also the men in Albanie's life, both helpful and hindering kinds.

This is a good, gentle story, but it is far from being a fairy tale. Bad things do invade the book. People die, are unloved, and hurt. What it does is show how the love between mother and daughter can heal themselves,



and clear away the emotional rust covering them.

We explore their fears—Albanie's shock of being left behind by her husband and raising her child alone. Of loving Maria too much and smothering her, of meeting new people, she does not feel ready yet. She is close to losing her job from taking too many days off with Maria. Her understanding of her sadness, knowing that "Sadness won't kill us, but it does make us hug those we love too hard." What a wonderful truth. This book is full of these.

We are also allowed to see Maria's world. Her fear of not knowing how to act, what does it mean to be four? Am I still a little girl? It is an extraordinary voyage into a child's innocence, and a honest portrait of how

much they understand in this ugly world.

This is a book women will love. So should any male who reads it.

I doubt many will though, most guys generally won't see anything in it to make them

want to read it; hell, I felt that way. It will offer a great view of a woman's mind, how they love and the different forms of love and fear. I strongly urge people to try this book out. It will do you well.

A solid summer read

Trying to Save Piggy Sneed
by John Irving
Vintage Books
sugg. retail: \$13.00

review by Patrick Fowlow

John Irving is a great writer. He has written some classic books (*The World According to Garp*, *A Prayer for Owen Meany*.) His latest work is a collection of short stories and essays called *Trying to Save Piggy Sneed*. It is a watershed of old pieces, ranging from eight to twenty-six years old.

They hold up rather well.

The stories are delightful, as Irving weaves in and out of these situations like a master. He ranges from maudlin to the pathetic to the outright hilarious. You are never certain where his stories are going end up, he surprises you every time.

His characters are honest to a degree. You meet people you know or want to know—such as the people in "Interior Space"—alongside fantastic creations you really hope are not true ("The Pension Grillparzer"—yes, this is the same story the fictional TS Garp wrote in his novel!). Ernst Brennbarr from "Brennbarr's Rant" is one I'd love to

meet—he is a scary guy in an endearing way. You'll find your own favorites though.

There's the driver in "Almost in Iowa" a man who has left home and is trying to leave his life behind—by driving to Illinois. Or Minna and Celeste, dormitory matrons in "Weary Kingdom." Minna is the fifty-five year old house mother at Fairchild Junior College whose life goes smoothly and quietly until Celeste, a younger, sexual woman comes to stir things up.

Irving's essays are also good. In "Trying to save..." he relates the story of his youth, and how it was influenced by Piggy Sneed, a retarded garbage collector he and his friends used to tease. It leads to an attempted explanation of the nature of authors and what purpose there is in their storytelling. Is it to create or to destroy, or is it both?

His meditation on Charles Dickens is also well written, if a little long winded, as he explores Dicken's life and beliefs, and relates them to his stories. It is rousing and heart-felt, and the final three paragraphs make it worth reading twice.

Trying to Save Piggy Sneed does not disappoint. It is a well written collection of works from one of the best writers around today.

Theatre in the mist

Gorilla Theatre
Rapid Fire Theatre at the Chinook
first three Saturdays of the month
11:00 pm

review by Patrick Fowlow

Do people like Gorilla Theatre? Ask their superfan Brian—he had jerseys made up for the performers, with numbers and everything. Is this show worthy of such fans, or is Brian simply a wacked out looney? Probably a little of both.

The show is the latest improvisational brainchild of Keith Johnstone, creator of TheatreSports. The actors create the show on the spot without a script, sometimes using audience member's suggestions, while one

As the audience, you judge how good the scene was. If you enjoyed it—the director wins a ribbon. If not—they get punished.

actor directs each scene. He/she chooses who performs and can set up scenarios as they choose. During the scene they have the right to change what they don't like, from lines to changing all of the actors, to getting up and doing it themselves. Regardless of what happens, they are held responsible for that scene. As the audience, you judge how good the scene was. If you enjoyed it—the director wins a ribbon, if not—they get punished. Punishments range from showing their complete range as an actor in a minute

to leading the audience in a campfire song.

The actors involved are all gifted improvisers from Rapid Fire Theatre. It is a changing group week to week, involving Jacob Bannigan, Ben McCaffery, Mark Meer, Olivier Moreau, Hashm Nasser, Gary Nugent, and Patti Stiles. Each one competes for the most ribbons, and the winner each week wins Melvis, their mascot, and gets to spend a week with him.

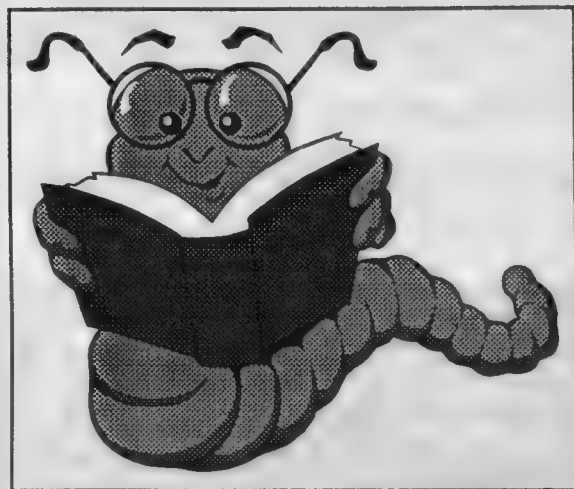
Being an improvised show, there is no way of knowing what is going to occur, so there is no way I can tell you the story. This past show, though, included money counting geeks, a dentist turned on by the word "the," a Scorpio who saved the world, and a person forever doomed to work in a Mac's store, stopping shoplifters, and drinking Frosters until his head bleeds from Slurpee headaches.

For punishments you got to see the movie *Threesome* done by Ben, Hashm sang a song, and Gary had to be a butler to an audience member for the intermission.

Gorilla Theatre is a high energy romp of a show. There are usually a lot of laughs, though scenes have been known to turn serious as well. It is a safe way to spend six bucks, because if you like what happens, you laugh, if you don't, you punish the actors for it. Don't you wish you could do that at a bad movie? Man, Ace Ventura would be one sorry guy by now!

Gorilla Theatre is a good cheap laugh on a Saturday night, and you can generally still respect yourself in the morning. Depending on what else you do that night...

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You are already a fan

The Forgotten Rebels
with the Real MacKenzie
The Bronx
April 14

interview by Karen Unland
I think the Forgotten Rebels are a joke band.

I'm not sure, but to my untrained ears, these guys are following in the proud (?) tradition of Dread Zeppelin. Not that the band will admit it.

"Everything is serious about this band," says lead singer Mickey De Sadest.

Yeah, but when you begin an interview by saying, "The only thing that's bigger than my ego is my dick," there's some leg-pulling going on here, right?

"You wouldn't believe how many hearts I break walking down the street. Write this down," says Mickey. "I can't help being the sexiest man alive. Rick Rude tried to do it. Fabio tried to do it. They never saw me coming."

The Forgotten Rebels are a punkish heavy metal band from Hamilton. Their influences, according to Mickey, are the Sex Pistols and AC/DC. In listening to their latest release, *Criminal Zero*, I detect more Honeymoon Suite. (Mickey says he played in a Lighthouse/April Wine cover band earlier in his career. I believe it.)

According to Mickey, the Forgotten Rebels have themselves influenced some of the greats of popular heavy metal.

"I'll bet you David Lee Roth has a copy of our stuff in his collection. I bet Steve Tyler has a copy of our stuff."

Well, if they don't, they sure are missing

out on some funny stuff. Take for example, "Shit for Brains." Check out these lyrics: "I met her at an allnight laundry matt, black eyed and chipped tooth and she was fat/ She had a grade two education, but I didn't care/ Yeah she's got shit for brains.... but I love her so."

I am not familiar enough with the genre to

know what exactly this is parodying, but it's got to be ironic. No one would write that unless he wanted to point out how stupid punkish heavy metal can be, right?

Or maybe not.

"I'm just a pig anyways, ha ha ha ha ha. Write that down," says Mickey. (He's also a really bad speller. Maybe the band's cavalier

attitude towards orthography is also a joke.)

The Forgotten Rebels appear at the Bronx this week. You're going to need a big sense of humour to enjoy them. But according to Mickey, it's just a matter of time before you become a fan.

"We're already rock stars. All we have to do is get everybody else to realize it."



These are the Forgotten Rebels. Are they for real? See them at the Bronx on Thursday for yourself.

STUDENT VACANCIES IN
STANDING COMMITTEES OF GENERAL FACILITIES COUNCIL

Undergraduate and graduate students are encouraged to consider serving on the following GFC committees. Terms of office are normally one year, from May 1 to April 30. Applications are available in Room 2-5, University Hall, and should be completed and returned to the University Secretariat as soon as possible.

COMMITTEE	VACANCIES	
	UNDERGRADUATE	GRADUATE
ACADEMIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE		
- Regular Members	2	1
- Alternate Members	4	2
(Members must be available during Summer)		
CAMPUS LAW REVIEW COMMITTEE	1	1
(Members must be available at 10:30 am on the last Thursday of every month, excluding Summer months.)		
COMMITTEE FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF TEACHING AND LEARNING	3	1
(Members must be available at 1:00 pm on the second Tuesday of every month from September, 1994 to April, 1995)		
COMMITTEE ON ADMISSIONS, ACADEMIC STANDING AND TRANSFER	3*	-
(*includes at least one student who has transferred from a college in Alberta)		
(Members must be available to attend meetings at 9:00 am on the third Thursday of every month, excluding Summer months.)		
COUNCIL ON STUDENT LIFE	2*	1
(*one undergraduate student must be a member of GFC)		
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE	1*	-
(Members must be on GFC and must be available to attend meetings on Mondays at 2:00 pm, including Summer months.)		
FACILITIES DEVELOPMENT COMMITTEE	1	-
LIBRARY COMMITTEE	1	1
(Members must be available to attend meetings at 8:30 am on the first Thursday of every month from September, 1994 to April, 1995.)		
SPECIAL SESSIONS COMMITTEE	1	1
UNDERGRADUATE AWARDS AND SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE	2	-
UNDERGRADUATE TEACHING AWARDS COMMITTEE	2	-
UNIVERSITY AFFAIR BOARD		
- Regular Members	1	1
- Alternate Members	-	3
(Terms of office are 2 years, from July 1 to June 30. Members must be available during Summer.)		
UNIVERSITY PROFESSORSHIPS SELECTION COMMITTEE	1	1

Students interested in serving on any of the above-noted committees are invited to contact the Coordinator, GFC Nominating Committee, 2-5, University Hall (492-4733/4965).

Where's the car?

Chixdiggitt
with The All Woman Brother's Band
and Placebo
Bronx
Thursday, April 7.

review by Todd Babiak
Walking down the concrete hallway, we heard what sounded like P.J. Harvey wailing away with some heavily bass-laden noise. Upon entering the Bronx, it became evident that Placebo had started early.

Placebo, in their first gig outside of Calgary, sounded great. The bassist (whose name I have sadly forgotten. She wore a Rocket From the Crypt shirt) said that they are trying to break out of the very limiting all-ages scene in Cowtown. A common problem. The "mosh kids love us yet adults are ambivalent at best" problem.

This is not a problem for Edmonton's All Woman Brother's Band. The audience population (not moshing, not even once) was at nearly-maximum density as they guitar-popped through a loud, entertaining set. Although the mix was muddy and the vocals just weren't loud enough, they impressed everyone.

Tanya (or is it Tania?), the wicked self-promoter and half-lead vocal, made her stunning voice shine all pretty, lighting up the Bronx with little sunsets and Halloween candies and sherri's badges (it was odd but great, OK?). The other lead, the other all-woman, howled intensely too, creating an effective foil to Tanya's (Tania's?) raspy songstressing. It was beautiful.

The best thing about the third guitarist (a brother) was that he made funny faces and looked like Billy Corrigan under orange light. Now that's funny. The best thing about the bassist was that he plays for the Wheat Chiefs and sometimes (was it just me?) he fucked up. In all, everyone should be seriously

checking out The All Woman Brother's Band. They are entirely impressive. They be going places, babies. They are opening for Vancouver's Cub (be there) at the end of the month at Bronx.

Chixdiggitt are cool. They are a cheesy three-piece from Calgary with dumb lyrics and bitchin' solos. They do all that Kiss rock'n roll posturing (that thumb and pinky thing, that hold yer guitar up and holler thing) and their microphones are set at hip level. Hilarious. They have an inevitable musical kinship with the Ramones, being that their cheesiness works. They have another kinship with lunatics, seeing as they act like each other.

Chixdiggitt are cool. They have an inevitable musical kinship with the Ramones, being that their cheesiness works. They have another kinship with lunatics, seeing as they act like each other.

Their fast, few-chord poppy thing was fat and fun, but no one danced for a long time. So, about halfway through the set, the front-man announced that they would be playing their #1 teen hit, "I Wanna Hump You." Then, in a fury of testosterone, some cats piggy-backed through the empty mosh pit while some guy in a 100.3 *The Bear* hat (on backwards...goof) bumped into them, doing that punk-skipping circle-making thing. We made fun of them, but not too obviously, because one of them was huge and seemingly dumb. But they were dancing. Way to go guys.

So the night was awesome. Until we went outside, when we found that the hard working Citipark (fuckers, fuckers, fuckers) people had towed Justin's Blazer.

m u s i c

CJSR
FM playlist
88 for the week ending April 10
compiled by Craig "I'm messed up, man" Elliot

RANK	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL/DIST.
1	Jawbox	...Sweetheart	Atlantic
2	Richard Thompson	Mirror Blue	EMI
3	Pavement	Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain	Matador
4	Nine Inch Nails	Downward Spiral	Interscope
5	Soundgarden	Superunknown	A&M
6	Blood Oranges	The Crying Tree	ESD
7	Elvis Costello	Brutal Youth	WEA
8	Joe Henry	Fireman's Wedding EP	Mammoth
9	Kid Champion*	Conscious 7"	Mint
10	Greyhound Tragedy*	Oh...Those Poor Dogs	Raging Postman
11	Latin Playboys	self-titled	Slash/WEA
12	Hector Zazou	Sahara Blue	Triage
13	Fluf	Home Improvements	Headhunter/Cargo
14	Portastatic	I Hope Your Heart...	Merge
15	The Chariatans	Up To Our Hips	B.Banquet/Polygram
16	Madder Rose	Panic On	Seed/Atlantic
17	Virgil Moorefield	Distractions...	Cuneiform
18	Green Day	Dookie	Reprise/WEA
19	Jale*	self-titled 7"	Sub Pop/Cargo
20	Varttina	Oi Dai	Green Linnet

LSD not required

Zakir Hussain
w/Sultan Khan & Faza! Qureshi
Citadel McLab Theatre
April 15

preview by Giles Alexander Pinto
You don't feel too good. Final exam pressure squeezes the life out of your cerebrum.

Your mind, in short, requires replenishment—there are a few options: drugs, sex or meditation. Obtaining the first two might require more energy than you have left.

This Friday, you have a golden opportunity for the last, when East Indian percussionist Zakir Hussain plays the Citadel's McLab Theatre; as the Beatles

showed in their psychedelic phase, nothing helps one space out better than classical Indian music. Of course, they were on LSD.

The Beatles grooved to the sounds of Indian music master Ravi Shankar; Hussain belongs to the next generation, mixing Western influences like jazz with traditional styles.

As a virtuoso on the tabla (an Indian drum), he played for many years with Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart.

On this outing, fellow percussionist Faza! Qureshi and Sultan Khan (on the melodious string *sarangi*) join Hussain to produce an intoxicating blend of exotic music that will send your mind into therapeutic raptures. LSD not required.



Come to GATEWAY on MONDAY for much fun joke paper. And why would anybody want to drink wheat beer?

ROGER
ADMIRAL

s o l o p i a n o

Tuesday, April 19
8:00 pm

music by:
Bartók, Bashaw, Debussy and Beethoven

Convocation Hall
Arts Building /
University of Alberta campus
free admission
Sponsored by the U. of A. Department of Music and
the Edmonton Composers Concert Society.

L'EXPRESS

Pasta Bar, Bakery, Sandwich Shop & Catering

OPEN Monday-Friday 7 AM to 9 PM, Saturday & Sunday 9 AM to 9 PM

DID WE MENTION ?
HOMEMADE
CHOCOLATE
CAKE !

MAIN FLOOR

STUDENTS' UNION BUILDING

The time is nigh...



This is the last real, honest to God, authentic *Gateway* for the 1993/94 year, and a bumper crop year in Entertainment. *Soul Asylum*, *Fishbone*, *Blue Rodeo*, *Furthest*, *Doughboys*, *Cyrano De Bergerac*, *M. Butterfly*, and so many other things I would already be tooting my horn just a bit too much. The important thing to know, however, is that I wasn't alone. The volunteers who wrote, took photos, typed, scrambled, line taped, developed, PMTed, fetched food, kissed our toes, and performed amazing feats of superhuman skill are the real reason this year rocked. Thank you to: Todd "Baba" Babish, Justin "My Brother" Rice, Giles "Gonzo" Pinto, Nic "Damned Happy" Simpson, Barb "Cool Shoes" Beres, Jason "Too Tall" Cobb, Patrick "Herrods" Fowlow, Scott "Citadel" Sharplin, Sam "The Man" Chui, Joel "Long Gone" Currie, Christine "Scotch" Plican, Laura "Monty" Soucek, Terry "Last Minute" Williams, Jason "No Retreat, No Surrender" Kapalka, Jason Chouinard, Ryan Chapman, Petros Efsthion, J.P. De Villiers, Clint Morrill, Isabela Varela, Jeff Mather, Julie Seto, Mark Koeppen, Chris Hoyt, Paul Charest, Jennifer Tweedale, Craig Urchshyn, NATASHA, Derrick Ee, Chris Woo (Hey, what the hell are you doing in this list! Get out!), Gabino Vidal Travassos, Tami Friesen, Jason McCulloch, Malcolm Azania, Pete Pachel, Karen Unland, Rodney Gitzel, Dave Williamson, Mike La Riviere and anyone else I might have accidentally left out.

I also have to thank the people out there who let the *Gateway* get the cool-ass stories that we had this year. Thanks to: Rob, Don, and everyone else at A&M Canada, Murray, Pat and Enzo at Sony Music Canada, FRANCE at CARGO (I love you!), Cori at MCA, Catherine at Nettwerk, Blina and Leyland at Warner Music Canada, James Morrissey and the Phoenix Theatre, Gilbert Bouchard and the Citadel Theatre, Rob and Liz at EMI Music Canada, Gerry and Paul at Polygram Canada, Craig, Christine, and Rob at CJSR 88.5 FM, Vince Klassen at Paramount Pictures, Oliver and the Bronx (big time thank you), Darka at Bottom Line Productions, Allan at the Edmonton Opera, Joan at the ESO, Neil at Cineplex-Odeon, Graeme and everyone at Raw Energy Records, everyone at Raging Postman Records, the Nowhere Blossoms, the organizers of InFest and Highwood, Maria at the Canada Council, Luanne and the Department of Drama, Kate Ryan and everyone at Leave It To Jane Theatre, Don Moore at the Power Plant, Marky Moose and the RATT staff, Campus Canada Magazine, Mike Ross, Patti Stiles and all at Rapid Fire Theatre, Denys Arcand, Douglas Coupland and his publicist at Distican, Marshall Tully, Maggie "Sweetie Hon" Bondurant, the SU receptionist, the Headstones, Junkhouse, Clarence at Universal Films, Ian Ferguson and all at Union Theatre, Heather and Lisa at Perryscope Promotions, the Trolls, Bernice and everyone at Theatre Network, John at MGM Pictures, and last and certainly not least Gerry Stoll and Katherine Husing at the SU. What a team.

I also want to thank my co-workers for making this a memorable experience. There were times when I loathed some of you and times you loathed me, and there were moments where we came together. You are the best damn fucking team in the universe. Thank you Stephen, Fish, Jay, Juliet, Bob, Kevin, Brad, Chris, Heather, and I am. Love you.

Throw it in the box and let's get the hell out of here.

You know what I'm talking about . . .

I'm talking about *that day*, not the one the weatherman tells you about, but the one that you feel in your bones, *that day* when you just can't stay inside, *that day* when you can smell the fresh air drawing you out of the house, *that day* when your body absolutely demands that you take it for a walk, *that day* when all you want to do is bathe your face in sunlight and feel the breeze on the back of your neck, *that day* when you consume the world instead of the other way around, *that day* when to be outside is to be truly alive . . .

. . . the patio at The Billiard Club

(because winter is too long and life is far too short)

SPORTS

Sports Editor Bob Hall 492-5068

'93-'94

The Year in Review

That's all we wrote

It was another great year for sports at the U of A and we had a great time hanging on for the ride



Bob Hall

It's pretty amazing how fast eight months can fly by. It seems like last week that I was getting ready to put out the first sports section of the 1993-94 Gateway.

It started on a warm August evening at Clarke Stadium watching the Golden Bears football team play the Saskatchewan Huskies in a Canada West pre-season game. The lights blew out just over half way through the game and it had to be called on account of darkness. Pretty wild way to start. The year essentially ended last month in Halifax when I watched the Golden Bears basketball team win their first ever CIAU basketball championship since the program began in 1911. Pretty wild way to end.

In between there has been 49 issues of the Gateway, and to be honest it's all quite a blur at this point. Let me see what I can remember.

When I got the job I was pretty happy. That happiness turned to nervousness when I began to realize the task I had accepted. I had to fill some pretty big shoes that were left by Dan Carle and I knew it wasn't going to be easy.

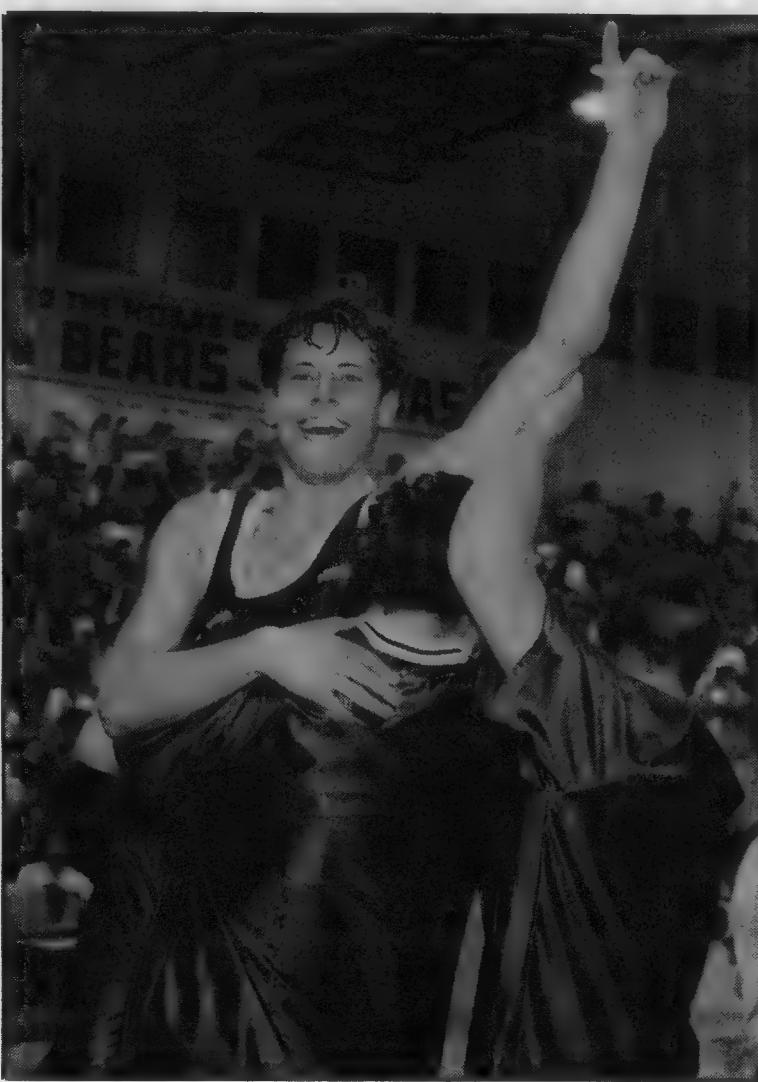
I'm amazed I got by the first pa-

per. Six pages to fill all by myself since the volunteers had not began to roll in quite yet. To make matters worse I had to work with a room full of freaks that called themselves my co-editors (they are still a bunch of freaks, but now I say that with love and respect). After getting through the first issue at 8 o'clock in the morning, I knew that it could only get better. It sure did.

I feel very fortunate to have had the chance to cover the U of A sports scene on such a remarkable year. The Golden Bears and Pandas athletes once again proved that we have one of the best athletic programs in Canada. Only one team had a losing record, and the Alberta teams combined for a .661 winning percentage which was the best in Canada West. Pretty impressive.

The highlights were many. It started with the Bears football team making the playoffs for the first time since 1987. Then the Pandas field hockey team repeated as bronze medallists. Bears wrestlers Wade Wishloff and Glen Allen became national champions at the start of March. About the same time Keltie Duggan and Bill Lomax swam to CIAU gold in Victoria. Once again, both the Bears and Pandas volleyball teams were in the race until the very end going to the big CIAU tourney. Ran Huget long jumped his way to CIAU gold in the Butterdome in mid-March. And of course the Bears basketball team capped a dream season in Halifax with the big prize.

The low-points were few, but there were some not so enjoyable



Rodney Gitzel

NUMBER ONE! Greg Badger from the National champion Bears can attest to the great year at the U of A.

moments. For starters the Bears soccer team losing in the Canada West final to the UBC Thunderbirds in

overtime was a bummer. When the Board of Governors cut the football it was a black day, but luckily the

program was later saved. For three years in a row the Bears hockey team ended their season in Toronto at the nationals. It just didn't happen this year and interviewing the boys after the playoff loss in Calgary wasn't easy for me.

Most of the highlights go beyond the sporting events because what I



will remember most is the people. The coaches and athletes on this campus are first class all the way. I met and talked to so many great people that it made my job fantastic.

Just one last thing. I would not have pulled this off without the help of my fellow editors, the Department of Athletics and most of all the sports volunteers. The man who saved my pale white butt more than a few times was Cam Ashmore and his work was appreciated more than most know. He was by far the best volunteer any sports editor could want and all I had to do was bribe him with Big Rock.

To everyone involved, including you the reader who I pump this crap out for, thanks for the great year.

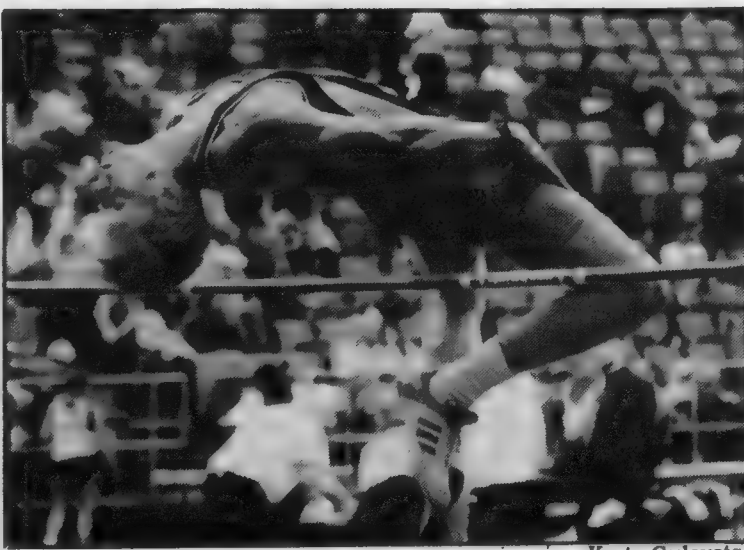
Breaking down the year—list by list

The 1993-94 season happened so fast. So for this last issue of Gateway Sports we searched deep in our memory to pick out some of the highlights, lowlights, and insignificant lights and compiled them in a bunch of crazy lists. Here they are, read and enjoy as we review the year as we saw it.

THE STORIES OF THE YEAR

1. Bears win first ever CIAU National title. It took the Bears basketball team 83 years to win their first ever title but they finally pulled it off in Halifax on March 20 with a 73-66 win over McMaster. It capped off a dream season that saw the Bears go 18-2 in the Canada West regular season with a team of few stars and plenty of heart.

2. Bears football program axed/saved. It would have been the top story if the basketball team didn't win the whole thing and Ian Reade and Tom Wilkinson didn't work so hard to rescue the team from the block. In early December though the news hit a lot of folks with shock and anger.



Kevin Gulayets

No Problem. The Bears and Pandas were proud hosts of the CIAU Track and Field Nationals in March.

3. Pandas hockey win second CIAU bronze. Dru Marshall and her field hockey Pandas did it again. Though it was disappointing not to win the whole thing, it is still a major accomplishment to be the

third best team in Canada two years in a row.

The Rest: The 1993-94 season was filled with so many other big stories and major accomplishments. Here is a look at some of them, in particu-

lar order of importance: Bears volleyball fourth at nationals, Wade Wishloff and Glen Allen win gold medals at the wrestling nationals, Keltie Duggan's CIAU record in the 50 m Breaststroke at the nationals and subsequent gold medal, Bill Lomax's swim in the 1500 m Free to win a CIAU gold medal, Ran Huget winning the gold in the CIAU track nationals that the U of A hosted, Pandas volleyball sixth at the nationals, Bears hockey fails to make the nationals for the first time in three years, Bears football make the playoffs for the first time since 1987, the Bears soccer team were one overtime goal away from making it to the nationals, and Ian Reade is selected as the new head of the Department of Athletics.

CAM ASHMORE'S FIVE BEST QUOTES OF THE YEAR

1. "Don't they have any heat in this province?"—UBC Keeper Pat Onstad after stepping off the bus to play soccer in Edmonton.

2. "He may be god in his own gym but they don't have to treat him like god here."—Bears basketball coach Don Horwood after referees failed to call a charge on Dino guard Richard Bohne.

3. "I was basically on the team so I could drive them all home when they had too much to drink."—Bears soccer player Doug Holloway on why he was able to play on a men's team at the age of 14.

4. "We just can't [bleeping] shake these guys."—Bears basketball coach Don Horwood speaking to an unknown person at the press table during the second playoff meeting between the Bears and the Thunderbirds. The unknown person was the UBC sports information director.

5. "Get him off me Vlad, or I'm going to rough him up."—UBC basketball superstar Derek Christianson discussing the ramifications of the continued rough play of Brandon Bobcat Shawn Cousins under the basket.

Plenty more lists pack pages 31 to 33

The best on the floor, field, mat and ice

ALL-GATEWAY TEAM

These are the U of A athletes that were, in the mind of Sports Editor Bob Hall, the best among all the great athletes on the Bears and Pandas. The athletes on this list are not only decent people, but play with extreme grit and scrappiness every time they compete. In short, they were fun to watch.

Doug Holloway (Bears soccer)—Showed what a contact sport soccer can be against UBC when he was involved in the best body contact of the year—in any sport.

Curtis Vos (Bears soccer)—This guy's leaping ability is worth the price of admission.

Heather Murray (Pandas soccer)—This first year Pandas striker played like a vet all year, especially when team captain Shannon Rosenow went down with an injury and Heather was asked to provide even more offence.

Helen Harries (Pandas soccer)—Yikes. Few opponents could match her determination and mean streak on the field.

Paul Strand (Bears hockey)—Some opponents would consider him a weasel the way he plays. Paul was the Bears intimidator and did it very well.

Derek Johnstone (Bears hockey)—Though his primary role was as a checker, Derek provided the team with much more than defence.

Scott Adair (Bears hockey)—The guy played with a busted up jaw, a bad shoulder, and a bum ankle and he was one of the teams best defencemen.

Rod Woitas (Bears football)—This pitbull-like linebacker played against guys that were bigger than him and laid them to waste.

Marcel Wynychuk (Bears football)—Gotta love the guys in the trenches.

Paul Yusypchuk (Bears football)—Few Canada West receivers were anxious to catch the ball knowing this guy was controlling the secondary.

Stephen Day (Bears football)—If Yusypchuk wasn't laying guys out, this Eskimo draft pick was.

Chad Hatala (Bears volleyball)—His intensity on the court was a big part of the Bears success this season.

Talbot Walton (Bears volleyball)—Few work harder than the team captain.

Jay Johnstone (Bears basketball)—He's not afraid to mix it up anywhere on the court, and he usually doesn't last that long since basketball has so many rules about running a guy down.

Murray Cunningham (Bears basketball)—He may be one of the friendliest guys on campus, but don't mess with him in the paint.



Sean Costall

BEATS HIM. The Bears' Craig Hawryschuk pots one against the Thunderbirds in a Canada West game.

Greg Sale (Bears basketball)—If his three point shooting isn't entertaining enough, his facial expressions while defending are.



Kirstin Johns (Pandas basketball)—Not afraid to dive into the wooden stands at Varsity Gym to get a loose ball. Gotta like it.

Sue Chalmers (Pandas basketball)—Few moments that the Pandas captain wasn't playing her heart out.

Kim Spencer (Pandas basketball)—She had knee problems that would have kept many out of the game, but the coaches couldn't hold her back.

Cheri Lansdown (Pandas volleyball)—She had a great year and the Pandas are happy about that.

Sherry Parkhurst (Pandas volleyball)—Winning is everything to Sherry and that makes her a force on the court.

Wade Wishloff (Bears wrestling)—The guys a specimen, but what's with the wave at the championship rally last week?

Heather Jones (Pandas field hockey)—Watch your ankles around one of the best to play hockey at the U of A.

Darcy Molstad (Bears track)—Pole vaulters are insane and that's a good thing.

Esther Medema (Pandas track)—The Pandas track team would have been in trouble without her.

BOB'S GAMES TO REMEMBER

There were so many great games this season involving the Bears and Pandas. Here are six that stick out in my mind as being the best.

6. Bears hockey versus Lethbridge—February 5. The Bears had lost the previous three regular season games to the first place Pronghorns. It was the fourth and final meeting of the season and the Bears dominated the mighty 'Horns (who eventually won the national championship), killing them 8-2.

5. Pandas basketball versus UBC—November 26. The Thunderbirds came into the game ranked seventh in the country and

the Pandas were 1-3 at that point. In a thrilling game that came down to the final seconds the Pandas triumphed 61-60. Thunderbirds coach Misty Thomas freaked out after the game figuring the hometown Alberta refs ripped her off. It was great and the victory was a highlight in a forgettable season.

4. Bears football versus UBC—October 31. It was a game the Bears had to win and they did—big time. They hammered the Thunderbirds 32-8 at Clarke Stadium, giving them their first Canada West playoff berth since 1987.

3. Bears soccer versus UBC—November 6 (in Vancouver). The Bears scored the first goal of this Canada West final. But just as it looked like the Bears would knock off the five time Canada West champs, they scored with eight minutes to tie the game. The game went into overtime and the

Thunderbirds ended the Bears' season 20 minutes in. They were oh so close.

2. Bears volleyball versus Calgary—March 4 (at McMaster). Though I wasn't there to witness it first hand, the line on the game tells the whole story—9-15, 12-15, 15-9, 15-10, 18-16. The match took 154 minutes to play and Bears knocked off the defending national champions in the first round of the CIAU final tournament.

1. Bears basketball versus Saint Mary's—March 18 (in Halifax). It was the first round of the CIAU Nationals and the Bears were matched up with the hometown team in front of 7 000 plus fans. After a rollercoaster game it took a Greg De Vries shot with four seconds left in regulation to tie the score and send it into overtime. The Bears then won 89-85, and like they say, the rest is history.

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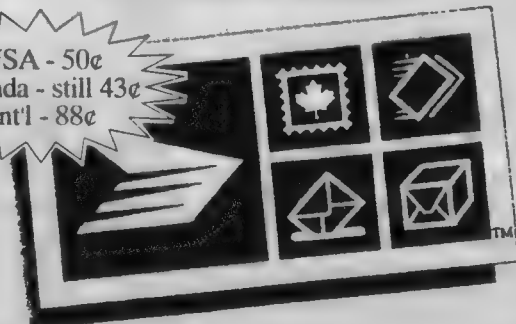
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SID speak

Notes and other collectibles from the Sports Information Office floor

by Dan Carle

Number of CWUAA Coach of the Year recipients from Alberta in 1993-94: 4

In 1992-93: 1

Number of pounds lifted three times by Golden Bears football defensive lineman Barclay Spady in March while weight training: 300
Number of sets Spady had completed before the heavy lift: 3

Place of Golden Bears volleyball team in the CIAU final top ten: 4

Average number of years of competitive soccer experience an inter-varsity player at Alberta has: 9

Percentage of total team points gained by Esther Medema, a track athlete, at the CWUAA championships: 49

Percentage gained by Medema at the CIAU championships: 70

Rank of Guns and Roses and AC/DC in Golden Bears football top five bands: 1,2

Number of pins Golden Bears wrestler Wade Wishloff achieved over opponents in winning the CWUAA and CIAU in 1993-94: 4

Number of times University of Alberta Sports Information Officer Dan Carle has been addressed by University of Alberta President Paul Davenport, with Davenport thinking Carle was a varsity athlete, since 1991: 2

Number of times President Davenport was spotted behind the University of Western Ontario bench during the Mustangs' three games at the 1993 Edmonton Journal Golden Bears Invitational basketball tournament: 4

Number of months Davenport will remain President of the University of Alberta before beginning his term as President of the

University of Western Ontario: 2

Number of CIAU first-team All-Canadian honours bestowed upon Golden Bears soccer midfielder Riccardo Zenari in his first three seasons with Alberta: 3

Goals-against average of Panda soccer keeper Wendy Berezan during the 1993-94 regular season: 0.75
Number of series losses by the

Number of facts given to Gateway Sports in 1993-94 which were never read, much less used: 400

Golden Bears hockey team when opening a playoff series at Calgary, since 1969-70: 5

Number of losses by the Golden Bears when hosting Calgary in a playoff series, since 1969-70: 1

Number of metres, on average, swam by a University of Alberta swimmer in one week of practice: 40,000

Number of facts given to Gateway Sports in 1993-94 which were never read, much less used: 400

Number of national hockey championships Alberta has won in its history: 8

Number of times Golden Bears basketball guard Greg De Vries had his last name spelled correctly in the print media prior to March 14, 1994: 0

Year of eligibility used by De Vries in 1993-94: 3

Number of Bakwell—Female Athlete of the Year—awards Pandas filed hockey player Heather Jones has either won, or been named a co-winner of, in five inter-varsity seasons: 2

Average number of veins visible on Golden Bears track and field

coach Mark Glowacki's head in the days leading up to the 1993-94 CIAU Track and Field nationals, hosted by Alberta: 5

Man games lost to injury by the Golden Bears basketball team during the 1993-94 season: 2

Average percentage of leg skin area which was bruised on Pandas basketball forward Susan Chalmers body during the regular season: 26

Number of times Golden Bears goaltender Scott Ironside said "you know" in an interview before the 1992-93 CWUAA final series: 13

Rank of Guess? Jeans in Golden Bears soccer coach Len Vickery's wardrobe: 1

Number of people who have said "two minutes for lookin' so good" to Golden Bears basketball coach Don Horwood since losing his hair in a team bet: 16

Number of National championship appearances for the Pandas volleyball team in Laurie Eislers three seasons as head coach: 2

Number of times Golden Bears basketball assistant coach Murray Scambler said, "And it all began in Carbonear," referring to Golden Bears head coach Don Horwood's place of birth in Newfoundland, during Alberta's post-Championship dinner: 6

Number of Dinosaurs football facts given by Jack Neumann, University of Calgary Sports Information Director, during the 1993 South Shrine Bowl against Alberta: 37

Number of Dinosaurs football facts, other than the score, which appeared in the Gateway game story: 0

Place of University of Alberta in number of 1992-93 CIAU Academic All-Canadians: 1

Place of Alberta in 1991-92: 1

Can we quote you on that?



Rodney Gitzel

HEADS UP! The Pandas soccer stopped in time.

THEIR ACTIONS DID THE TALKING

...because getting a quote from these athletes was like pulling teeth for the Gateway staff.

1. Jay Hamilton, Bears football tailback. He was the sparkplug of the Bears offence and one of the best in Canada West football. But Jay wasn't quite as dramatic off the field. He has said that he tries not to use too many cliches in an interview. That's great, if he actually said much at all. He doesn't need to worry though, because he will continue to get comfortable in front of a microphone if he keeps playing the way he has in his first two seasons.

2. Greg Sale, Bears basketball guard. He can launch the three pointers with the best of them, but Greg has troubles executing an interview. Oh well, he is a rookie Bear so we'll forgive him, just as long as he keeps it up on the court.

3. Doug Bruce, Bears volleyball setter. Man of few words, but quarterback of the volleyball court. It doesn't make for a good combination as far as the sports writers are concerned. But since he is only in his third year next season he will get more chances to shine on the court and in front of the microphone.

Here are some other athletes who gave the Gateway fits in interviews: Jay Johnstone (Bears basketball), Leah Muntain (Pandas soccer), Helen Harries (Pandas soccer), John Price (Bears football), Greg Procter (Bears volleyball), Heather Jones (Pandas field hockey), Sherry Parkhurst (Pandas volleyball), Alex Appah (Bears soccer), and Kim Spencer (Pandas basketball).

Just a note to all the athletes on this list—this is by no means a negative list. We know how hard it is to answer our often stupid questions. We'll be back next year to chat again.

WANTED:

"V" WATCH Volunteers

Are you concerned with safety on campus? Are you interested in making our community a better, more caring one? Do you want to learn more about the diverse challenges of security services?

Campus Security Services is looking for students, faculty and staff to take part in our volunteer "V" Watch program. "V" Watch volunteers are responsible for answering phones, providing general information to callers, taking complaints, radio dispatch and monitoring our alarm systems. Interested? Then we'd like to hear from you. A minimum of four hours per week volunteer time is required, as is an interest in working with the public.

Please contact Ms. S. MacGregor, Campus Security Services (2943) for more information, or apply directly to Mr. Doug Langevin, Director of Campus Security Services, 212 Education Carpark, by May 1, 1994.

All applicants will require a Criminal Records Check from the Edmonton Police Service or the RCMP.

The University of Alberta is committed to the principle of equity in employment. We encourage applications from aboriginal persons, persons with disabilities, members of visible minorities and women.

Diplomacy and vittles

3 BEST COMPLIMENTARY MEALS THAT BOB WEASLED

1. Oilers pre-game press box meals. Oh ya, those mashed potatoes.
2. St. Basil's Church for U of A Color Night. Nothing like a pack of Ukrainian Baba's serving up the turkey and mashed potatoes.
3. University House for the Bears

hockey sweater night. Tasty buffet and great desserts.

BILL MOORES' THREE RULES OF DIPLOMACY WHEN TALKING TO THE MEDIA

Bears hockey coach Bill Moore's is always careful to not say too much in an interview, no matter how hard you dig. Here are some of his guidelines.

1. No one player is ever to blame for team losses—the team comes first.

2. The team you beat gets a lot of credit even if they suck—don't fuel the opposition's fire.

3. Even if the chairman of Athletics elbows you in the teeth during Thursday shinny, he's still a good guy—don't piss off the big boss.

It's Over.

But you can still write for the Solstice. It all starts May 5.

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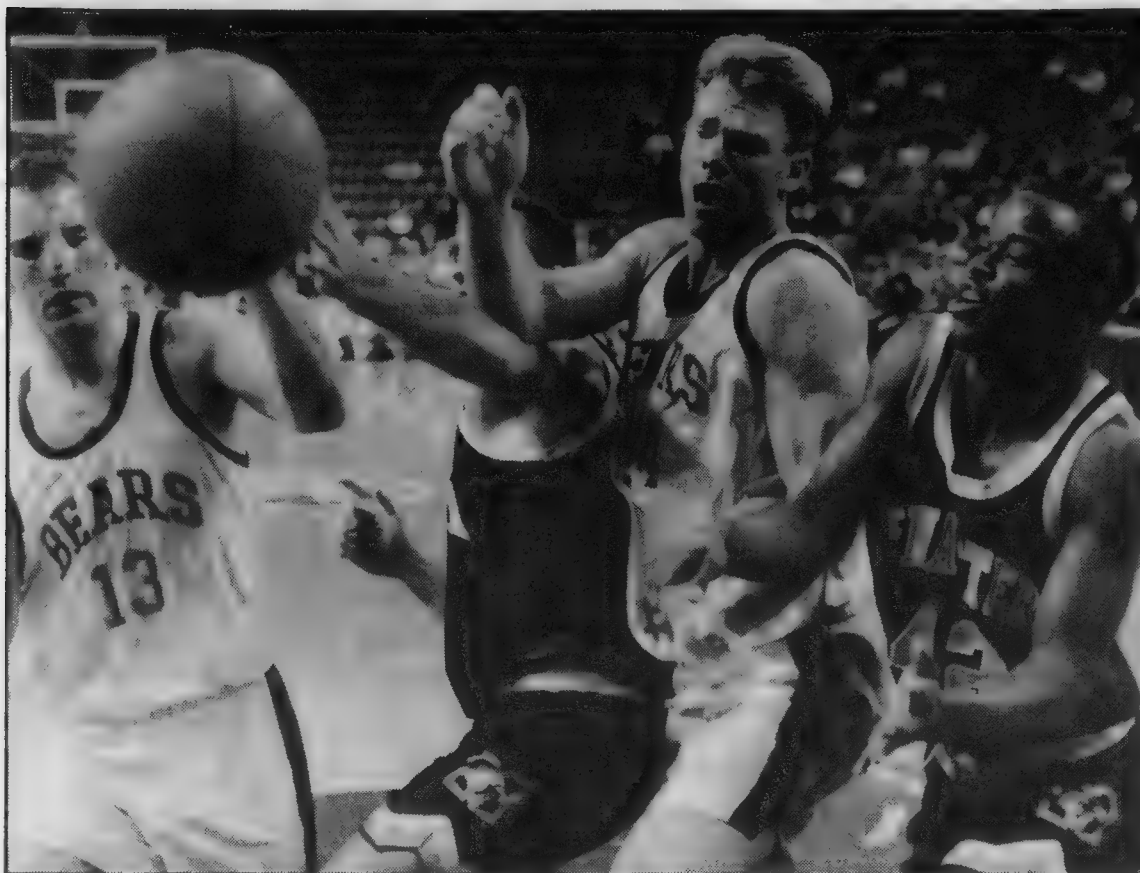
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Full Service:
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Basketball remembered



Kevin Gulayets

A little piece of history captured at the CIAU Nationals by Kevin Gulayets. Oh ya!

LISA KARTUSCH REFLECTS ON THE DREAM SEASON

TOP FIVE GAMES

5. Bears vs. McMaster....not the most exciting game, but it was for the national championship.

4. Bears vs. Brandon....in the semi-finals at the nationals, this game gave the Bears the edge in the season series between the two teams, not to mention the opportunity to play for it all.

3. Bears vs. Calgary....Game 3 in the Canada West semi-finals, if the Bears would have lost, the season would have ended.

2. Bears vs. UBC....Game 2 in the Canada West final, the lead flip-flopped all night long, but in the end, the Bears cleaned up.

1. Bears vs. Saint Mary's....Game 1 at the nationals, in front of 9,000 people, overtime, this one should have been on TSN.

TOP FIVE PLAYS

5. Greg Badger's majorly long 3 point bomb vs. Brandon at the Nationals

4. Clayton Pottinger's block on Saskatchewan's Kevin Grandberg with 2 seconds left on the clock and a two point Alberta lead.

3. Greg De Vries completing a four point play to keep the Bears in the game vs. Saint Mary's at the Nationals.

2. Pottinger's IN YOUR FACE block against Calgary's Jeff Smith

in the Canada West semi-final.

1. De Vries' baseline drive against SMU to tie the game with about four seconds left in regulation time. You had to see it to believe it.

BEST MEMORIES OF THE CIAU CHAMPIONSHIPS IN HALIFAX

1. Bears winning the championships.

2. The Liquordome.

3. Every thing else is kind of blurry.

TOP FOUR SONGS THAT DANCARLE PLAYED AT HOME GAMES THAT WERE REALLY ANNOYING

1. "I'm on My Way"—The Proclaimers. Yep, it's a real toe tapper.

2. "We are Family"—Sly and the Family Stone (I think). Five times per game (Only because it was the first song on the handy Dance Mix '93 disc.)

3. "Hold On"—Wilson Phillips. No comment.

4. "If I Had a Million Dollars"—Barenaked Ladies. Okay, it was a good song the first billion times we heard it.

TOP FIVE LAME MOVES BY THE CHEER SQUAD

1. The sideways leg hold.

2. Anything the guys did.

3. The clench clap.

4. Yelling "We're number one!" Like they have something to do with it.

5. Those crazy cartwheels.

TOP FIVE EXPRESSIONS THAT PHOTO EDITOR KEVIN GULAYETS HEARD AND LIKED

1. "Stop the madness"—Lisa Kartusch after five 'serious' days of journalistic intensity in Halifax....and it wasn't referring to any actual work that was accomplished by any of the participants.

2. "Rome didn't fall in a day"—Wayne Rothschild.

3. "You ROCK my world"—Dan Carle, Sports Information Director for Department of Athletics.

4. "You know, you're only going to be in Halifax on (any day of the week) only once....so you might as well go out and experience it"—A justification for going out every night of the week by an unnamed participant on the Halifax trip.

Tie 5. "Would you like to come to the basement and see my electric stungun?"—Brent Flesher to any female entering the flamingo house.

5. "We live in a myco-phobic culture"—Brent F. to Joe, Pradeep, and Kevin when expounding his theory on the psycobic origin of human civilization.

KURT. TOO BAD YOU DIED.

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isn't a
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Den Scraps

THANKS EVERYBODY: MORE SELF INDULGENCE

I always wanted a little box where I could thank people like they do on album jackets. It's been a long haul this year and it's been a blast. There are so many people that made this year a success and made it a great experience for me. So here goes, a little self indulgence from *Gateway Sports*:

First to my volunteers. Of course I couldn't have done it without you. Cam Ashmore, you not only became a great volunteer, but a great friend. Good luck with the litigating. . . Lisa Kartusch, you were always there and I guess will continue to be here. Keep *Gateway Sports* the best section in the paper. . . Travis Lamb, even though you made my job hell sometimes on purpose, I appreciate it. . . Allison Boychuk, volleyball writing will never be the same. Good luck with the Tories. . . Joe Croteau, one semester was enough I guess. . . Karen Unland, you brought a different feel to field hockey and it was great. . . Mateo Ayala and Matt Fedoruk, you guys did track proud and got them in the paper more than ever. . . Curtis Dumonceaux, ata boy. . . and Scott Martell you got a feel for it, now carry on. Oh ya, and win another CIAU.

Next, to Dan Carle. Well, this space isn't enough to convey my thanks to you this year, my friend. I think you know how much you helped this year so I'll just shut-up.

Of course the crew that I worked with certainly enhanced the fun. Kevin Gulayets, it was shakey at times, but I think we made it through together pretty well. . . Pam Hnytka, well, Pam you sure made my section look better and became a good pal to boot. . . Jay Brown, thanks for the laughs. . . Fish Griwkowsky, well brother, at least we didn't kill each other. . . Dave Johnston, sure glad that the Sports editor and Entertainment editor could get along, and become friends as well. . . Heather Johnson, thanks for the first semester, sorry it had to end that way. . . Juliet Williams, you will do a hell of a job next year because you made this year a whole lot better. . . Steve Notley, well, little general we made it. Over the last eight months I built a hell of a lot of respect for you and couldn't think of a better man I would rather work for.

To round things out I have a whole lot of other folks who made this year great. Ian Reade, Steve Knowles, Jennifer Ouano, Bill Moores, Trix Baker, Dru Marshall, Don Horwood, The Tragically Hip, Terry Danyluk, Tracy David, Len Vickery, Laurie Eisler, Nevin Gleddie, Kay Khoo, Pete Pachal, Scott Hayes, Olga Trencia, Sean Costall, David Williamson, Lois Hall, Donna Wriglesworth, Big Rock Beer, David Malmo-Levine, Arie Peliowski, Tim Garbutt, Marty Hall, Brad Stene, Trev Wriglesworth, Christine Chomiak, Spirit of the West, Pete Coutu, Darren Garvey, Mike Hall, Gary Stene, Michelle Millar, Terra Tailleir, Tami Friesen, Tom Wilkinson, Darren Davidson, Brendan Gibson, Frank Carey, The Gladue's, Emily Hunter, Richard Price, Bob Dover, Mick Hansen, Christy Hayden, Todd Salehof, Atul Kuhlar, the spirit of Sid Vicious, my bike, Gabino Travassos, all of the athletes on campus that I got to know well or even got to know in some way, Gary Roberts, Ian Herbers, Rodney Gitzell, Malcom Azania, Pauline Holowachuck, Kim Campbell, the guy at Store Plus (no I don't have ten cents!), Sega, Joe Carter, Kitche Manitou, long underwear, Elsie and Jim Rothery, Coca Cola, and of course Janice who I wouldn't have had the strength to any of this without.

Shit. Kinda sounds like a real long awards speech or something.



Kevin Gulayets

Spot the Sports Editor. Actually all three are in one way or another. How about spot the drunkest Sports Editor.

Who cares?

Student Help
Room 030N SUB 492-4266 492-HELP

call or drop in
8am to 11pm weekdays
5pm to 11pm weekends

Curt comes full circle

by Curtis Dumonceaux

When I made the decision to cover the swim team in 1989, I set myself on a mission: to give them the coverage I felt they deserved. I thought it a tragedy that a team with world-class athletes (back then Keltie Duggan, Cam Grant, Harry Taylor) would not get more than last page of the sports section (if anything).

And I think I succeeded in my crusade for the three out of five seasons I have been a Gateway volunteer. The first ('89-'90) and last ('93-'94) season I did not succeed, however, and to those people I apologize for failing you.

In the second year ('90-'91), the intimidation I initially had of talking to and writing for world-class swimmers wore off gradually as they made me feel more comfortable with them. I say to Keltie

Duggan, Debbie Gaudin, Dave Goodkey, Janna Promislow (and all others from those years) that it is because of your efforts to make me feel like a member of the team (rather than just the 'Gateway reporter' that always made writing for your team lots of fun rather than a duty.

The feeling of being a team member peaked in the third year ('91-'92) when I was given a medal from when the teams won the CWUAA championships. How that touched me so deeply is too hard to explain. That was the ultimate form of appreciation. It made me feel like I was accomplishing a good thing for someone.

Thanks to Dave Johnson, the coach who always had good quotes I could use to cover up my bad journalism. I also thank Ken,

Suzanne, Tristan and John Hogg for being patient with me when I pestered them for results.

Lastly, I will address all the sports editors who promised me the world in getting my articles in, but always let me (and, ultimately, the swimmers) down in not getting things published when they should because (for example) '...the football team won a big game and they should get front page coverage, so your piece will not fit in this issue. Swimming is just not a mainstream sport.' To previous and future editors I say don't make promises you won't keep, and for crying out loud, GIVE THE SWIM TEAM THE COVERAGE THEY RIGHTLY DESERVE!

That is all I wanted to get off my chest. I thank all of you for reading and may God be with you.

Pro sports makes debut

ATUL KHULLAR FINALLY GETS TO WRITE PRO SPORTS IN THE SECTION AS HE PRESENTS THE TOP CHARACTER PLAYERS IN THE NHL

1. Ron Francis - Nobody realizes it, but the do anything anytime silent leader of the Penguins is a shoo-in for the Hall of Fame. One of the few pure complete players left in the game, as well as one of the best.

2. Steve Thomas - A typical Steve Thomas game: dislocate someone's pelvic bone and score a goal. Plays hockey at full throttle like it should be. Not bad for a guy everyone had written off as finished at 31.

3. Joe Mullen - Drives his brother to the hospital, then 3 hours later

scores the game winner against his brother's team. That takes guts.

Not to mention that he went from Manhattan slum to a stellar NHL career that's still going at 35.

4. Al MacInnis - If the rest of the Flames had his Maritime work ethic for all these years, Calgary would have a lot more credibility and a few more banners in the Saddledome.

5. Doug Gilmour - Put it this way the guy has lost 20 pounds playing hockey this year. The whole world knows stopping him will stop the Leafs. Yet nobody can. Only his exhaustion tells when the Leafs die.

6. (Tie) Kirk Muller/ Gary Roberts: These guys must have stock in

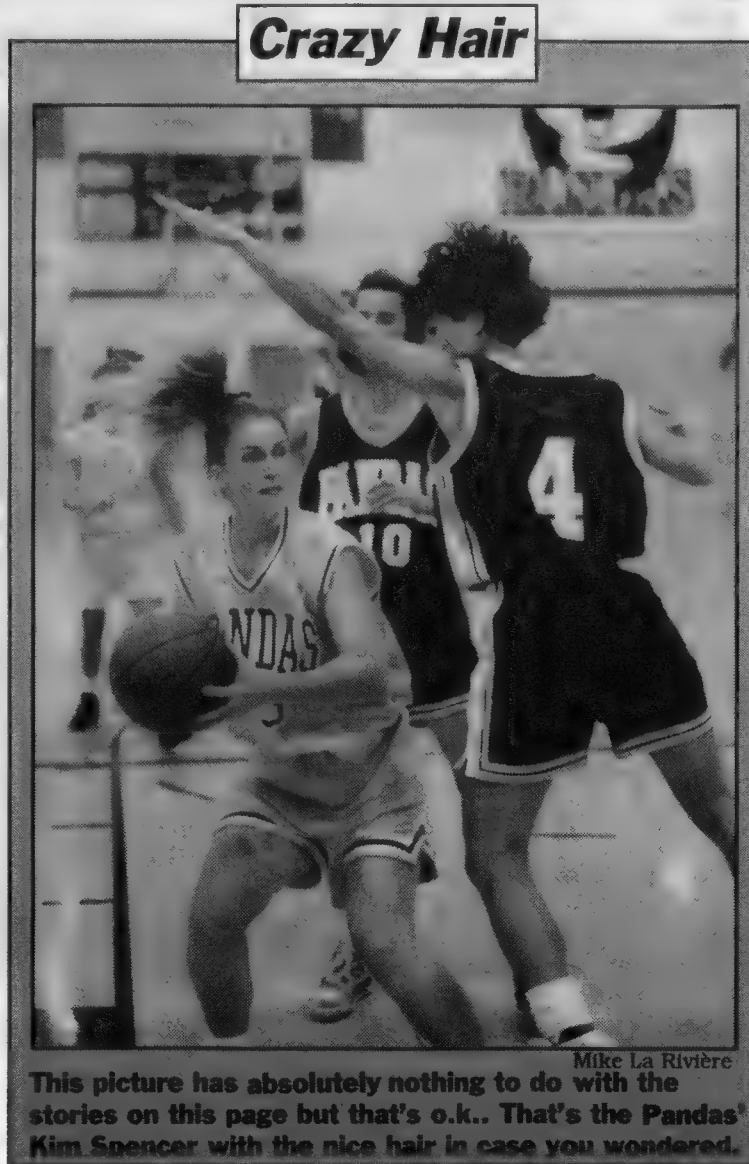
painkiller companies. It has almost become that they play better with pain.

7. Jeremy Roenick - It's downright scary to think what he could do on a decent team. Anyone who can spit out his teeth to draw a five minute major as well as scoring 100 points on a crappy team has got to have some heart.

8. Ray Bourque - Sad how one of the best and toughest defensemen ever will most likely go down without his name on the cup.

9. Mark Recchi - The Energizer rabbit of hockey, he's a little guy who keeps going and going and going.

10. Brendan Shanahan - Rede-



Mike La Rivière
This picture has absolutely nothing to do with the stories on this page but that's o.k.. That's the Pandas' Kim Spencer with the nice hair in case you wondered.

finer the word power forward. On many nights he makes Brett Hull look bad, let alone the rest of the league.

11. Jaromir Jagr - Simply has this knack of scoring in the clutch even though he's in the sights of the entire opposing team. One of the few

Europeans that will muck it up and not vanish in the playoffs. Plus he makes Don Cherry routinely look about as stupid as his suits.

12. Kevin Stevens - Takes more abuse than Ralph Klein but if you want someone to grind it out in front of the net he's there.

LIVE IN THE BEST NEIGHBOURHOOD IN EDMONTON.

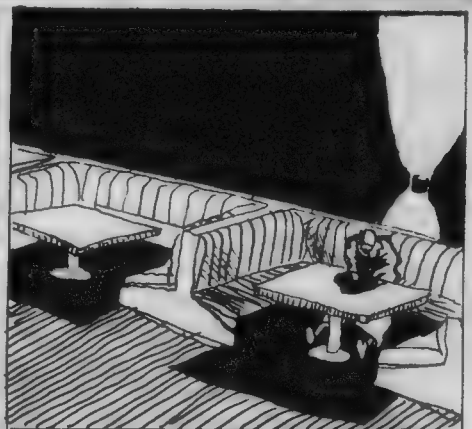
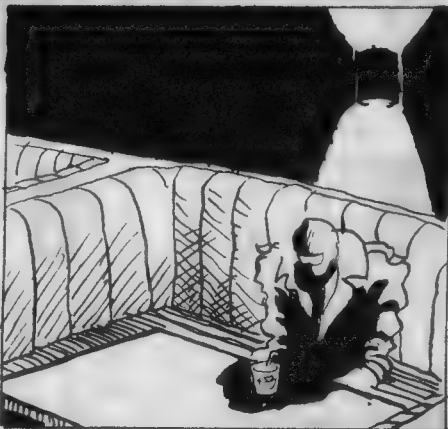
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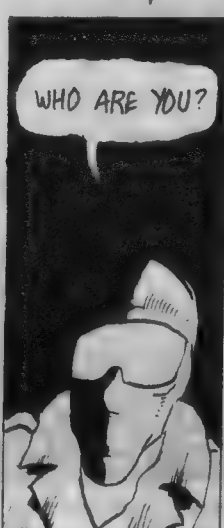
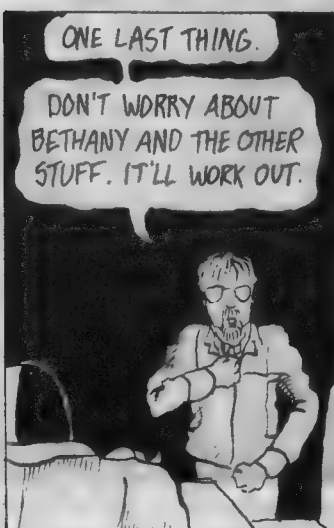
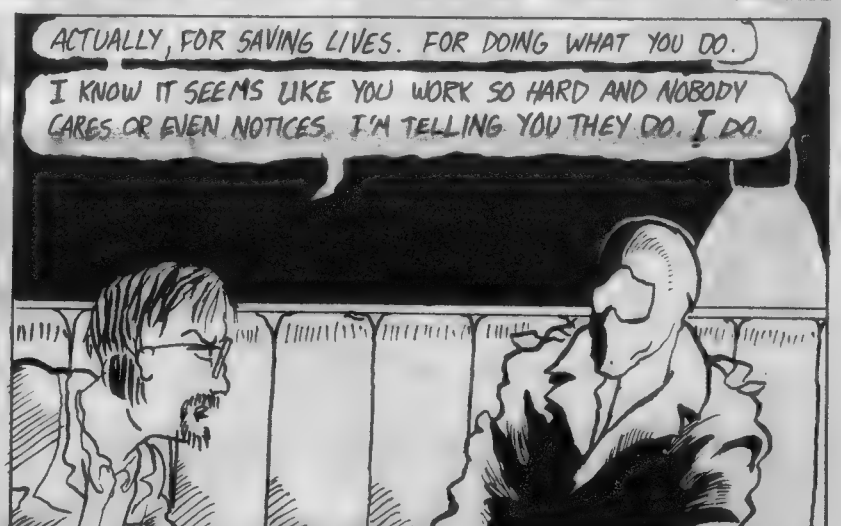
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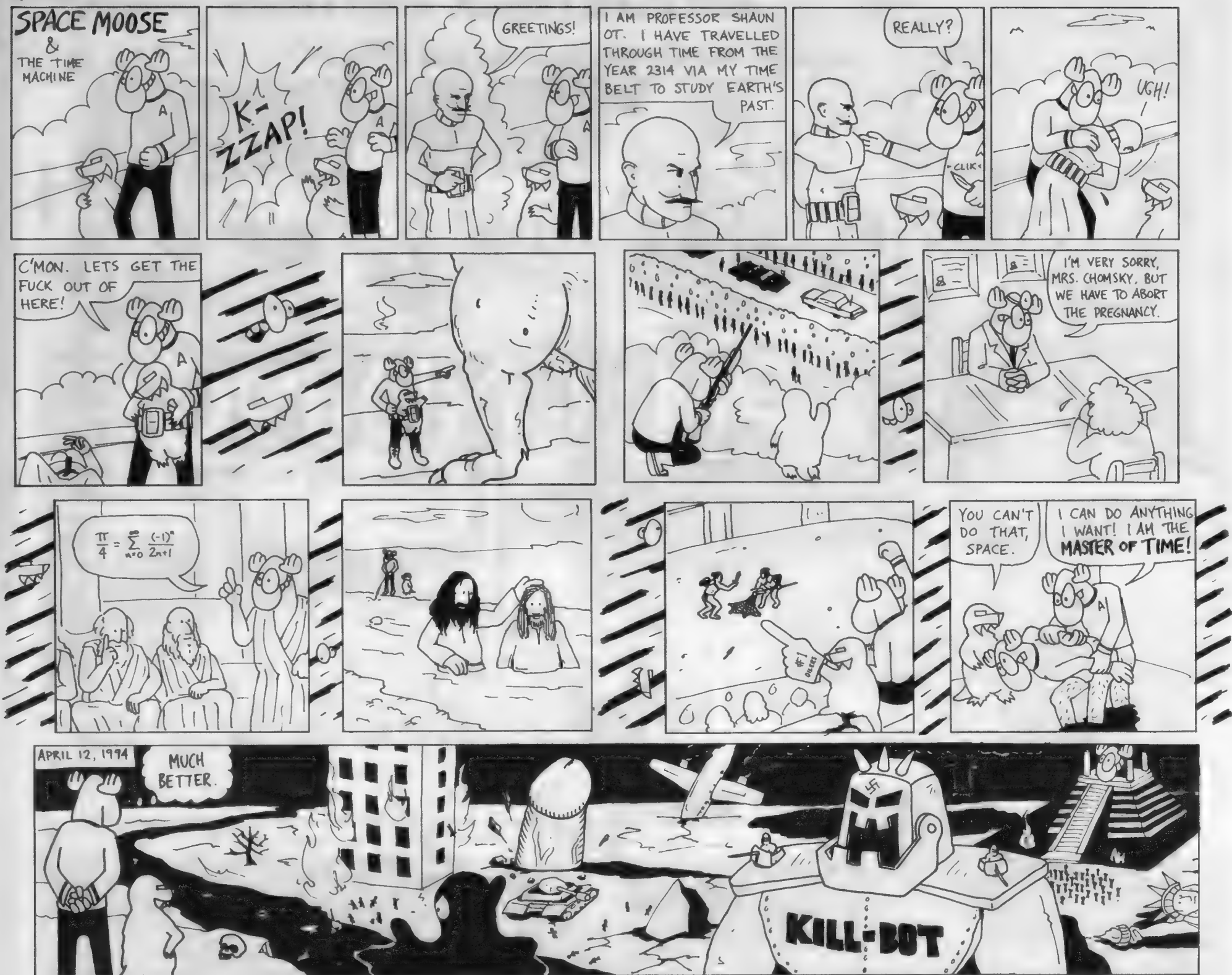


THE GERM: ENDINGS.



NOTLEY '94

Space Moose



Cornhead

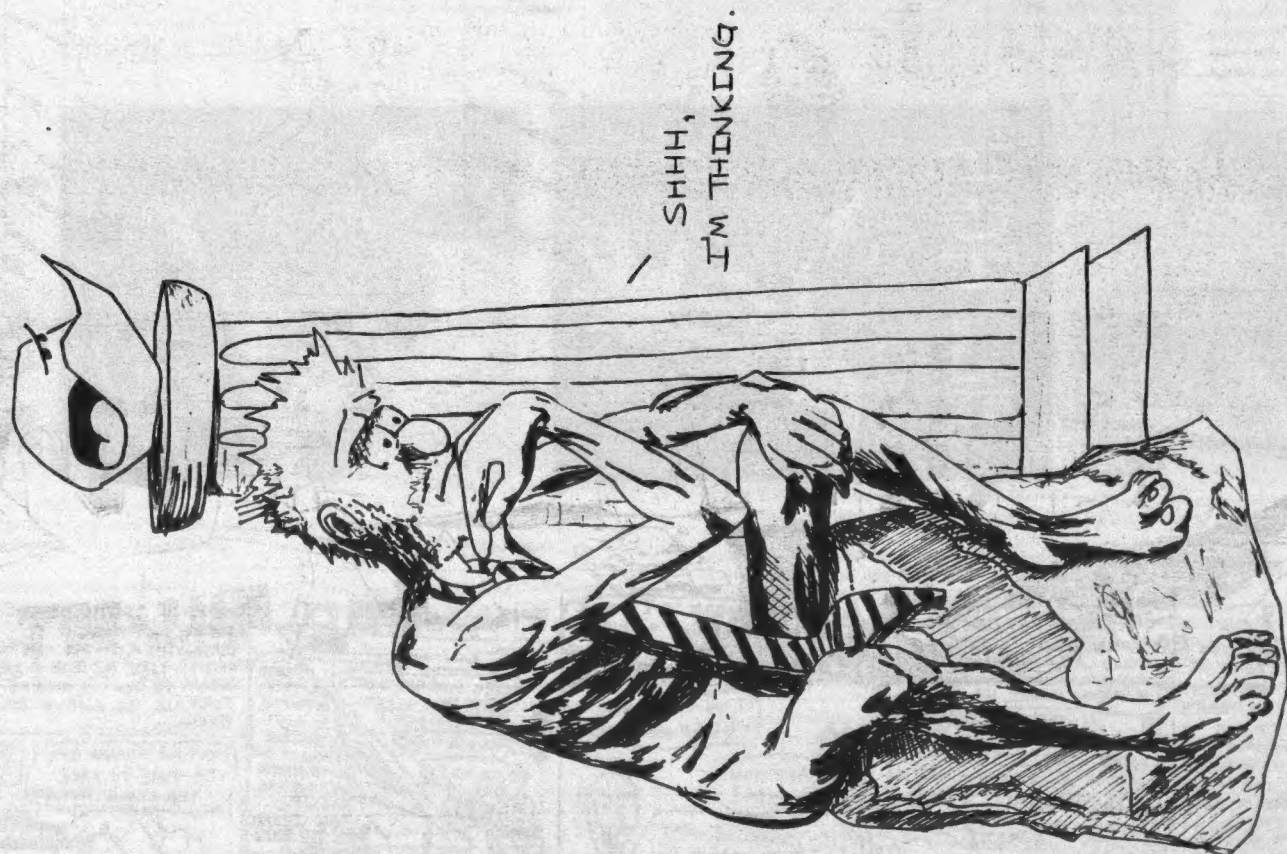


Love in a Void



Over-Exposed

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GET OFF THE ISLAND IN JUST THE LAST ISSUE? DO WE HAVE TO WRAP EVERYTHING UP NEAT AND TIDY LIKE AN EPISODE OF PERFECT STRANGERS? SHOULD WE TRY TO BE CONTRANGERSIAL, ARTISTIC, OR TAKE A FINAL STAB AT HUMOR AND JUST GO NUTTY?

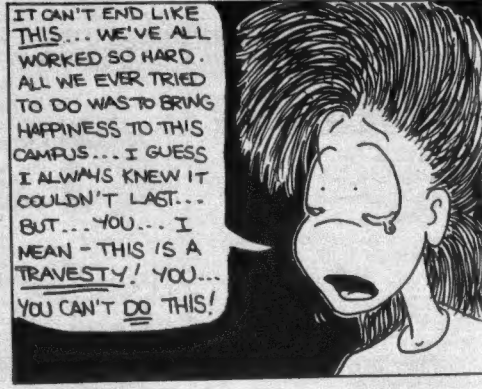


The Infinity Squadron

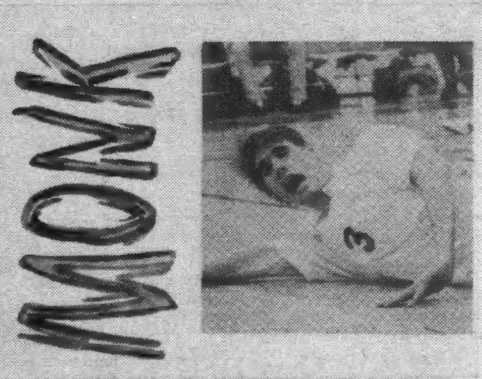


Stripsearch

THE END



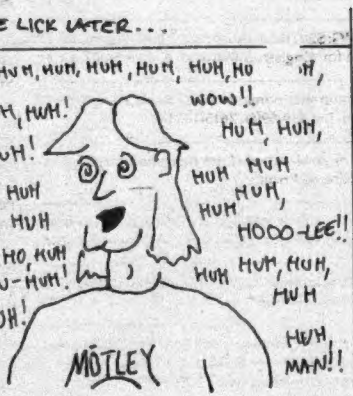
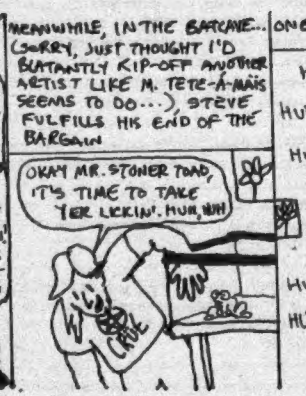
Monk



Vince & Steve

VINCE & STEVE #3

PART TWO OF "THE BARDAIN" SEE
TUESDAY MARCH 3 FOR PART ONE, IF
YOU ACTUALLY CARE, AND I CERTAINLY
DON'T EXPECT YOU TO... SO HERE'S
A BRIEF REFRESHER: VINCE HAS
JUST MISSED THE BUS, AND MUST NOW
BORROW STEVE'S BIKE IF HE HOPES
TO GET TO WORK ON TIME. THE TERMS
OF THEIR BARGAIN: BAK FOR THE USE
OF A MIND-ALTERING PSYCHEDELIC
TOAD. THE CATCH: STEVE HAS NO BIKE
LOCK, AND VINCE'S TOAD HAS TENDER
SKIN. IT'S FOR THIS REASON THAT
WHEN WE LAST SAW VINCE, HE WAS
REMOVING STEVE...



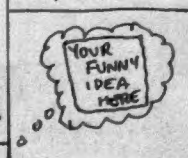
SUDDENLY, REALITY STRIKES! IT'S
2:30 A.M. AND THIS STRIP'S DUE WITHIN
ONE HOUR... ALL MY GLORIOUS IDEAS
ARE WASTED, AND SO I NOW PRESENT
THE SIMPLIFIED VERSION OF MY INTENDED
GLORIOUS DREAM...



SO, AS YOU ALL GO
STEVE OVER-LICKS
THE TOAD, CAUSING
IT TO, WELL, LET'S
JUST SAY DIE AND
IGNORE THE OBVIOUS
DEATH WORD



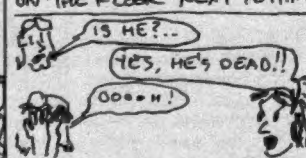
YA, SO I WUZ GONNA
DRAW SOME REALLY
COOL STONER SCENES
NOW, BUT SUFFICE
IT TO SAY, I SEZ
DON HA' TIME,
SO YEWELL SEZ
HEFTA MAGIN'
EM, O.K.?



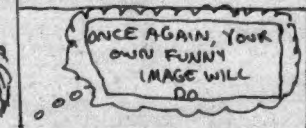
OKAY, NOW I WAS
GOING TO HAVE
VINCE TAKING THE
BUS HOME, TOTALLY
PISSED OFF ABOUT
THE STOLEN BIKE.
ON THE BUS HE
MEETS A BRIGHT-EYED
AND BUSBY-TAILED
J OF A STUDENT WHO
ASKS HIM WHAT HE'S
LAUGHING ABOUT
WHILE RIDEING
SWIFT'S WILLIVER'S
TRAVELS...

IS IT HIS CLEVER SATIRE
OF THE PUNITIVE PLAN
PLAN, PLAN? AND I DON'T
LIKE THE PART
WHERE HE HAS TO

DEAD, SO THAT JOE SUCKED WITHOUT A PICTURE... HERE? THE NEXT ONE, AIMED AT ABOUT 4 PEOPLE ON CAMPUS ('YA, LIKE THIS WHOLE PAPER ISN'T THE SAME.'). VINCE ARRIVES HOME, FINDING STEVE IN A MOST PECULIAR STATE, AND THE TOWN DEAD ON T.V. -- NEXT TO HIM



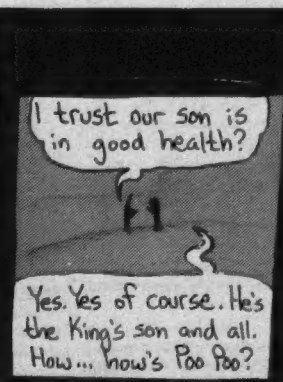
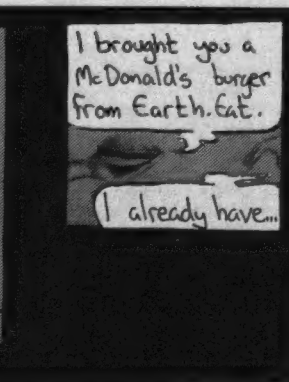
SO WHY CAN I AIM A JOKE
AT ONLY 0.013% OF THIS
GREAT CAMPUS? HEY, GET
A FRIEND TO EDIT THE
COMICS SECTION AND YOU CAN
DO WHATEVER THE HELL
YOU LIKE!! THE NEXT PANEL
FINDS V&S RECONCILING
THEIR MUTUAL LOSSES AND
CALLING IT EVEN, &Y
GETTING STONED...



AND PRAYING TO THE GODS OF
BEER AND DOPE!



Poo Poo



CLASSIFIEDS

Advertising Manager Marilyn King 492-4241

FOR SALE

Two one-day lift tickets to Sunshine, good until end of spring. \$40, call 439-6540.

IBM Model 130, Epson printer and software for \$400. Call 453-5197.

1980 VW Scirocco well maintained, sporty & economical, \$1350 o.b.o., ph. 433-9756.

Airline Fare to Quebec city: female, departs Edmonton May 14, \$325. Phone Kim 476-0950.

Pink Floyd tickets, 11throw floor. Will take best offer. 449-5201.

1983 Plymouth Sapporo, 2 door, 5 speed, st. trans, 139,600 km, exc. cond., original owners, \$2100 o.b.o. 463-6068

Plants, plants! Gigantic tropical plant sale. Proceeds toward enhancing patient care. UAH Greenhouse (Driveway West of Red Cross, 84 Ave. & 114 St.). Great for home or office. April 18-22, April 25-29 10:00 am - 4:00 pm. Medium to large sizes. Unbelievable prices!

Penthouse condominium for sale near University. Phone Vic 433-6866.

FOR RENT

Opportunity for a furnished clean apartment available in booming Prague (Czech.). Exp teachers of ESL and businessmen. Don't hesitate, call (403) 433-3778. Price negotiable.

Spacious 19th floor condo on Saskatchewan Drive. Great view! \$675, incl. swimming pool, exercise room, parking and util. 465-2342.

Female/male (non-smoker) roommate wanted to share 2 bdrm apt (9911-85 Ave.) Rent \$270/month (except phone & cable). 15-20 min walk to campus (bus stop right outside). Must be rented by May 1st. Phone after 5pm. 433-4086.

Room for rent in very large attractive house. \$250/mo. Please call Brian 455-6291.

Roommate wanted to share 2bdrm apt as of May 1 in College Plaza. 439-0953. \$365 o.b.o.

Summer sublet available in house, Garneau Housing, near Law Centre, 88 Ave. & 111 St. Call 432-7396.

Newly renovated, spacious 1 bdrm bsmt of SE home. Private entrance, laundry, close to transit, mall. \$450/mo incl util/cable. SS, NP. Peter 466-0593.

Strathcona: two bdrm suite, lower duplex, hardwood floors, non-smokers, no pets. 1 May. \$450, util included. 433-9796.

110 St. & 84 Ave. bsmt room. \$225/mo incl util. F, N/S. May 1st. 433-2717.

MOVING: \$20/load + driver, 1/2 ton cargo van. No problem for king sized mattress. Call 463-3078.

Male roommate (nonsmoker) to share a 2 bedroom. \$220/mo. Joe 439-8994. 7615-105 St.

Near U of A Hospital share furnished large house \$350. Phone 454-6260.

Near U of A Hospital. Furnished rooms in houses shared with 4 others. \$225 and \$200. Phone 454-6260.

4bdrm house sublet, 11048-86 Ave. May 1st-Sept 1st. \$250/room. 439-2657.

Walk the River Valley - Ashbury Place, hardwood also available. 1 bdrm \$375, 2 bdrm \$445. Move in allowance. Furnished avail. 429-0898.

2-room upstairs suite. Share kitchen and bath. Utilities included. Walking distance. \$300/mo. 437-6514.

Move in allowance. Furnished available. 429-0898.

Computer Rentals — Student Discounts and Specials. 421-9748.

WANTED

Volunteers needed at Campus Birthright - A free pregnancy support service offering confidential help and friendship in a caring, non-judgemental manner. Next training program starts April 15 and 16. Contact 492-2115 or Rosemary at 463-1833.

Driving car to Toronto mid June, Grad student, room for two, share gas. Phone Richard 432-7513.

Part-time switchboard operator / receptionist required at medical clinic located near Westmount Shopping Centre. Switchboard experience an asset. Summer work available. Hours Mon-Wed 3pm-7pm, alternate Saturdays 9am-2pm. salary \$7.50/hour. Please phone Penny at 452-4590.

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WANTED: Parking spot near U of A for month of April. Call Gurmee at 460-3984.

Department of Housing and Services, University of Alberta, is accepting employment applications for Summer and Fall, 1994. Positions available in Food Services, Housing & Residence Life, and Facilities. Flexible shifts and a wide range of campus locations. Apply in person with a resumé to Room 44, Lister Hall.

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PERSONALS

Free massages from massage student. Mary @ 475-6291 for appointment.

The Sexual Assault Centre of Edmonton is offering training in May for volunteers who provide support for sexual assault victims on the Crisis Line. Please contact the Volunteer Coordinator at 423-4102.

U of A Sexual Assault Centre is open to provide support, information and assistance. 10 am - 10 pm weekdays, 6-9pm weekends, drop in at room 040 Lower Level SUB, or call 492-9771.

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Student Help. Confidential Peer Counseling on campus since 1969. We can help. SUB 030N, ph. 492-4357.

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Three

Kanaka: late nights, Northern Lights, single beds, and walls. Whether you're Mr. Entertainment or plain old lupus, you're still pretty damned keen.

Chicken legs! Can we two unemployed folk sit around and watch B5 together all summer? Peej.

Jaybee: Have you had any sex dreams lately? - The redhead down the hall.

Haiawatha (sp?): You have the longest eyelashes and the softest lips in the known world. You'll always be Mr. President to me.

Christine at CJSR: Whip me! Terry

Wahine: all those late nights, talks in the park, meowing with the cat, and sharing the best and worst of life. You stink, but the stink is for me alone.

Marky Moose: Where are you? Have you found a new belly button? Wanna shoot some tequila for old time's sake? - The most incestuous editor.

The apocalypse has arrived. Most of you haven't noticed. Kurt knew.

To my co-workers. This year was sheer hell. Die you maggot infested cretins. Jay Brown.

Little Birdies! Ween rules! Ween!

To the three hot Gateway volunteers: can we bronze you and keep you in our bedrooms? - Dave, Jay & Bob

Long live the Solstice!

Pam: let's go to the Bronx on Wednesday. Rachel.

Rachel: Okay. Pam

J. Glen T.: Drop by the CRO's office for a good time.

Can a girl from Dewey's show me how to spell VYOLA? Just a question with subtext.

Dan Robinson - The Porno Queens are terribly sorry, it was meant as a joke, not an insult.

Sue F. - You can take your apology and shove it up your ass. - Dan R.

Dan R. - Sorry. - The TLF Editor.

Keep on pluggin', Howie, you woman-pleaser! LCEM is almost over—cheer up!

T.G. We understand the times you are going through. Needs some fun or people to talk to, just call. Ms J and J.

Happy 21st Cindy! Let's do the 24 hr drive-thru... Luv all your AIESEC friends.

T.J.: "Performance?" What performance? It took me 15 minutes just to realize you were there!

THERE...ARE...FOUR...LIGHTS!!!!

A departing message for Drama 149: Sah! Sah! See! See! Doo-wah-Ditty-Ditty-Dum-Ditty-Doo.

Three days!

April: I've been meaning to send you a TLF all year to tell you you're funky. So now's my last chance and here's your TLF. Jo

Randolph Hewn: Just remember a dolphin's revenge will always be clever. After all, they know the Caramilk secret... D&H

SCOOBY: Just around the corner is the summer of '94 and with a little more time, we'll have to wait no more! Cheers to the coming of the quarter century! Mag

Hey! What font is this?

Crippled Rez Person: How's the food? Got any Roloids? How about dinner and Schindler's List? (Zzz...) Remember, work on TEAMWORK! Not him, just THAT!

To my blue-eyed Bradley: To new beginnings and a great summer. I love you very much. —Teary Eyes

To the girl I copied off of in French 150: How come you got 85 and I got 68? You're crazy!!!! (or is that Krazy?????)

BABY, OK so I lied. Once is never enough. It had to be perfect! Happy birthday! I love you. PUP.

I'll bet it's Avant Garde Gothic Medium.

Steve: Babylon 5 is kind of okay. Maybe. Don't tell anyone we watched it or we'll sit on you.

Denis—I get wet sheets dreaming about you every night... Oh baby! WOW! You're the best!!... Ha! Ha! Ha! See... someone *did* write you a TLF.—Rob

Corry L.: Your a swell guy, even if you do use up a full can of hairspray every day. Your roommate Satan.

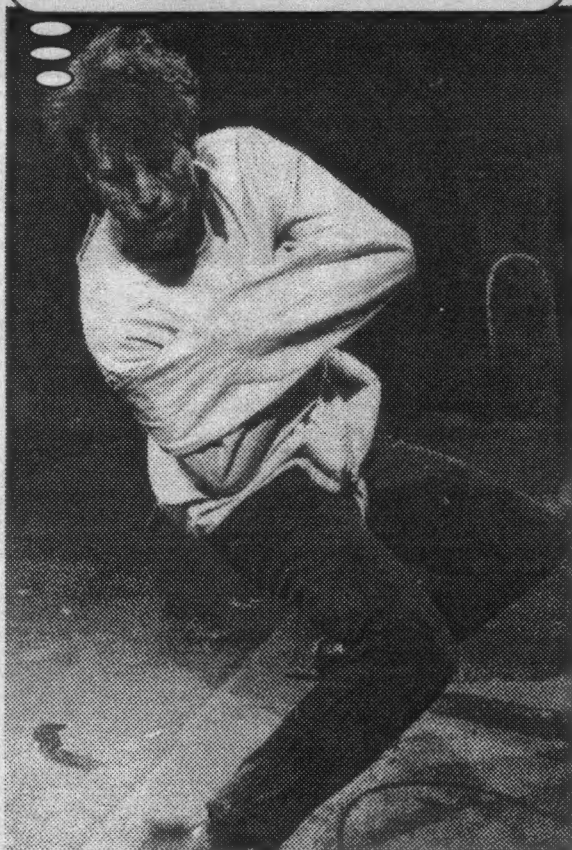
Scottish Panther, Roses are red, my birthday is near, roses, wine and a serenade will bring my birthday cheer! Love you always, Sweet Cheeks.

Sharon S.: I'm going to miss you alot! Keep in touch for news of the Great White North. Your Middle Power Friend.

To all the guys who have made life a living hell (you

Lines

Fish: Don't be sad, there's always the grasshoppers and singing insects. Or it does not have to contain. Love, Yoko



know who you are). But it was great. Have a great summer. We're not 1st year GEERS anymore!—PRIDE

Michelle E. in 2nd year PE. What's an Italian chick like you doing here? From Mussolini

Tris (M) (3H) Happy late birthday! Now that you're older I hope you won't shoot a load of white! (Across the laundry room) Enjoy the TLF. C.H.

To Mr. "If you think I'm conceited—it's 'cause I am" Gonna miss ya next year. L

STATS252—Hey 'Webster'; Quit being such a keener/geek. We enjoyed seeing you get pegged with 'garbage.' The class.

Dutchboy/Norman aka Newman à la Faculté. Comprends tu? Let's compare marks sometime! Care to dignify that?

G. Good luck and whatnot. Don't be a stranger. I hope you are happy. Miss ya always. H.

Ooh...peanut butter granola bars. Matt, you long-haired hippie freak, you will be Homer! It's been a fun 2 years. Keep in touch, or I won't worship ya anymore. D

"If there was a contest for sweetheart of the year, I'd nominate Jay! Hear! Hear! From the babes in the 4th row, Econ 101.

Brolco. Thanx for the card. You're—I'll never forget you. UNoWho

17—Huh!!!? Who? Respond in person, please. Mike G.—21, innocent.

J (Teddy Bear)—I'll miss ya tons! I guess snuggling will give way to phone sex! Keep the blankets warm! Bunny

To the women of Drama 149: I hope you're not offended. I didn't want to hurt anyone. I'm just kind of shy...

What do you want? Slack! Who can give it to ya? "Bob"! AIIIEEE, YES!! JHVH-I must be sated!

Hey Akbar, Corby, Scooby & Chicken lady... have an awesome anniversary & 20th! You're the best! Luv George, Jeff, Slick & Green Bean.

P.S. I do a lot for you! Why do you think I'm still a single virgin? 10Xs rejected, but still waiting.

Angie: Where are you? Call me! Jo

I you light my fire when we break on through to the end of the night I'll look at you, T.C.F., and take it as it comes. the end. little girl.

bus buddies, creek cuz', wye women-best friends-

"Long live tomato friends E! So—is fate actually working in our favour for once? Scary! And when do you go to Lethbridge again? Heh, heh..."

"Look Andy—it's an oakus bigus!"

Anthony, will you save me a dance next time you see me across the room? Let's make history in Genetics MWF 9. R

To my knight in the shining grey Subaru: may our love find an endless highway. Earl's girl.

To the long legged, slender, sensuous, cocoa skinned young lady who was in my car on her birthday, happy belated. Luv B.

Gobanago go. From Ed to Law. Your friends are very proud, shocked, mostly impressed. Meet a rich guy for me!!!—M

Dearest Roy, OOOOOHHHHH! Thank you! You can be my "creature" anytime. Love always, V. Bean

Free

"Sapsucking bushtit: How about the last 5 and half years together. I loved every minute of it! Love your white-breasted nuthatch!"

To Pookie—You make us all cookie, gookie and kooky! Love your schmookies.

"Excuse me sir! Where is this relationship going?" —Juan

To my 2nd floor SUB pals. He does ride a bicycle with a wicker basket, and you should feel bad for him! He's so tormented! Merv

Dave of the Cave—What I'd give to be UR love slave! (So okay, I'm jealous!) Enjoy the summer. Angie Theta

K.P.—2 shy 2 say HI, now it's time 2 say good bye. Calg. Won't B the same w/o U! —J.T.

Albertans: Thanks for the hospitality. These two years have been fantastic. I raise my mug in tribute to you all, and all I can say is, "Someday I'll be back." —Greg

Mani & Conductor—You guys are DAMN hilarious! You can run but you can't hide from us. (Have you had an Oh! Henry lately?) —BBJ

Adam G.! I think NomCom B did a good job (You know what I mean!)—Guess who. P.S. Our NomCom D did a good job either!

To my "SL"... You're so hot, everytime I see you my legs start to quiver and I begin to cr... my pa... SL

Scott: I look forward to continuing our correspondence next year. Was that a dinner invite? Does 04/29 work? Good luck on your finals. Tara

Grant: What would I do without you and Mr. Wiggily? You're both one in a million! Love, Jen

Janet! Daria! Where lies Lisbon?

Mo—You rock my world!!! Sometimes—S

What?? Oh my Goodness! It is, it really is a TLF for Paul! Forgive me, I just had to do it.

Jerry: Miss you babe! wish we could make 11/2 years forever. Love U still. - Your ex-baby doll G.

To Joe: Where the hell are all my computer discs? - Barry.

Chemical equilibrium - Matoodusterum Har - Pooran-Jon, Agapi: Maria

To Joe, the best looking guy in Astro 110 - Here is the TLF I promised you. - Amanda.

Hi baby: Hello Jello, you light up my life. I'll miss you this summer. - Sunshine.

Scary: next time you're having problems with Smitty try pulling his ears - it'll make it bigger.

There's just no pleasing fairy folk. - Dervanier.

Thanks to the lady who gave me the pack of Ultra Kleenex w/ lotion (Ruth., S. BR). My nose has really appreciated it. - Post-sniffles.

To the ex-St. Luke's College students of 1993: Good luck for your final exams! And Mark, "Alamak, RealaxLAH" Ragards Melanie.

Happy Early Birthday Kjarie! Spike and the Gang.

2 the skater with the pant leg tucked in his left skate: R U trying to give us the willies or make us smile? U R succeeding! Come rollerblade with us!

Andy F, Class of '94: Congratulations! Would you like fries with that? - Margaret B.

To the magazine stand Gateway writer: the penultimate issue was great. How long 'till the Far East sun rises from the West? Oh yeah, we all love and want you. - Babes.

F.: A heart of stone is the chiseler's greatest temptation. R.

Beautiful girl with black skirt in Anthro 101, Wednesday, April 6, 2-3 pm: Do you want to talk? From fellow Anthro. student.

To Dar: Cheer up! It will work out. Besides, you finally got your TLF.

Hey little monkey: I think I could love you forever like. Thanks for all your support. TLFs suck, man. - Fish.

Thanks!

Sieve, Fish, Julie, Jay, Kevin, Bob, Dave, Chris and Brad you guys have made this year the best ever! I love you all and I'm glad I came back! More thanks to Mom & Dad (for being patient), Rachel, Gabino & Kyle, Todd, Justin, Jason, Tami, Terra & Mr. Prez for being so damned much fun.

S.O.S. Disaster Prevention Tip #3

...and if you need
another pencil, don't
hesitate to ask



You don't have to be Dead to Defer.



492-4689

Student Ombuds Service

Students' Services Area Lower Level Students' Union Building